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# The Critic

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## Literature

### "The Real Chinaman"

By Chester Holcomb. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THERE EXISTS a library of books on the country and products of the Middle Kingdom, but it is only lately that serious attempts have been made to understand the Chinese human being and account for him as he is. Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie, though dead, yet speaks and wins every year new converts to his theory of the derivation of Chinese civilization from the Mesopotamian region of Asia; but an equally serious treatise on the psychology of the Chinaman is worthy of being written. How comes it to pass that, with so much learning, there is so much stupidity in China, and that, while knowledge has been coming for thousands of years, wisdom still lingers so far behind? The roots of a conceit that can lead even an infallible Son of Heaven to issue a declaration of war, in which better armed, equipped, and intelligently led enemies are spoken of as pigmies, must be very deep. It seems wonderful, too, that with so much religion, so-called, there can be so little aspiration after the Infinite, that with such mountains of literature there should exist almost no imagination, and that with such incessant use of pen, ink and paper, there should be no originality. Indeed, it may be safe to say that in China originality is a crime, and humdrum routine exalted to holiness. Nevertheless, to know the whole, we must study the parts, and to understand a nation we must be acquainted with the individuals who compose it. Two serious efforts in the direction of understanding the Chinese as individuals and as a race have been recently made by men of trained intellect, closely in contact with the people, and sympathetic without being prejudiced. One of these books is Arthur Smith's "Chinese Characteristics," the other is the work under review.

Mr. Holcomb shows how recently China has become acquainted with Western notions; how neither her Government nor her people were able, until very recently, to realize that there was any civilization, sovereignty, religion, literature, or good manners, outside of the Middle Kingdom. He belongs evidently to the old-fashioned class of students, who believe that China's civilization is autochthonous, while Japan, on the other hand, has borrowed everything she has. On the contrary, it may be that China was anciently as much of a borrower as Japan is to-day. Nevertheless, he shows that in the system of dependent nations surrounding China, Japan was always the uncertain and dangerous member. The laws of China, he thinks, are comparatively mild and humane, and that its home life, though monotonous, is on the whole pleasant. On the vexed question of child-murder he throws a great deal of light. While the Chinese parent does not throw out on the dung-hill, or set afloat in an earthen jar on the river, every girl child that can be spared, yet, when either boy or girl baby is sick and not likely to recover, it undergoes the ordeal of desertion. If the little creature dies, it was a devil. Only in the rare case of its surviving hunger and cold is it deemed human and taken back to be reared. The dead-carts usually go round at a time when nearly all foreigners are asleep, so that very few ever see how much human fertilizing material is daily added to the soil of China. Almost every phase of Chinese life, private, commercial and official, is treated at length and with light, and the chapters are well flavored with bits of personal experience. How awful is the pressure of the population upon the food product is shown in incidents from real life, which are often more impressive than canny. Altogether, this book, notwithstanding its lack of an index, is one of the best means at hand for the study of the Chinese people.

### "Terminations"

By Henry James. Harper & Bros.

THE TITLE WHICH Mr. James has given to his latest volume calls attention to a point of essential difference between these stories and others that he has written. They are finished, rounded out, harmonized in each case by the end of the career of the central figure. We are told the complete story, with its defeats and triumphs, to the finish of the race, though many a shady covert is left unexplored for the imagination to wander in. They are romantic enough, too, these tales; and it is surely a long road that Mr. James has travelled from "Daisy Miller" to "The Altar of the Dead." He could hardly now be called a realist; his vision has become too acute, his sympathy too rich, to be confined within the narrow bounds of any theory. An analyst he certainly is, but one whose perceptions have broadened and deepened with the years. His power of expression, strengthened as it has been by continual use and friction, is now a more adequate and flexible medium for conveying his ideas than ever before. It has lost something, perhaps, in simplicity, as the thought behind it has grown more complex and subtle. A style cannot be limpid and represent truly the involutions of so reflective, fastidious and critical a brain. Mr. James never expresses an idea bluntly, or displays it with sharp outlines; it suggests to him so many subtle modifications, so many shades of meaning; it opens such vistas to his imagination, that one must be alert to follow all the paths he bids us tread. One who has once felt the charm of his analysis, though, is never quite out of touch with him. The tales are not all equally fine, but there is something interesting in each of them, and one likes to watch the characters develop. We know them through and through, far more profoundly than we know our living friends. Mr. James politely uncovers their emotions and passions before us, yet is clever enough to leave them something of mystery, after all. We are shown the factors of the problem, but we must make our own equation.

This is especially true of "The Altar of the Dead," here published for the first time. A strange thing it is, improbable and evasive; yet these inscrutable figures, with their intense reserve and singular sympathy, have a power of compelling our interest. And out of the situations engendered by his curious idea, Mr. James has developed something new in character—new in fiction, that is, but old in life. There is a fascination in the weird, half-explained, poetic theme he has chosen, and in his simple, elliptical, yet calmly analytical method of handling it. The emotions he describes are common in a greater or less degree to the entire human family, even though the situations are exceptional. This is also true, in a measure, of "The Middle Years," another of those studies of the artistic temperament which Mr. James has grown to be fond of. It shows the disappointment that lies in success, the tragedy of victory. To Dencombe, ill and discouraged, it was not enough that he had produced something fine, that "he had had the one chance that all men have—he had had the chance of life." He longed for another opportunity to prove that he could do better. But it is only on his death-bed, with the man who has sacrificed a fortune to be near him, that he finds consolation. "It is glory," he says, "to have been tested, to have had our little quality, and cast our little spell. The thing is to have made somebody care." And later:—"A second chance—that's the delusion. There never was to be but one. We work in the dark—we do what we can,—we give what we have. Our doubt is our passion, and our passion is our task. The rest is the madness of art." And at the end he concludes:—"It's frustration that doesn't count. 'Frustration's only life,' said Dr. Hugh. 'Yes, it's what passes.'"

We miss this fine simplicity in the study of Coleridge, which is called "The Coxon Fund." Here Mr. James becomes deeply involved in his own intricacies of thought. He approaches his subject in a roundabout way, giving us far-away glimpses of it through the intervening trees. And, brilliant as the study is in places, it is so diffuse as to be almost dull. It is like a noble river which is broken near its mouth into many ineffective streams. Saltram is magnificent, but one sees too little of him. If Mr. James would only rewrite the story from another point of view, what a superb thing he could make of it. As it is, he piques one's curiosity, but does not satisfy it, and he leaves one with the impression of a wide outlook and a cramped style. "The Death of the Lion" is another study of genius, and another suggestion of the failure that is inevitably a part of success. In this case applause is a bait, a lure, which carries its victim into the world, there to be the toy of ignorance. It is not an uncommon tragedy, though the elements of pathos in such episodes are rarely recognized. But as Mr. James conceives it, it is rich in humor, too, the juxtaposition of the dignity and reserve and helplessness of the man who is really great with the aggressive vanities of the pretenders being particularly happy. The interview is delightful, with its confusion of the sexes in the pen-names of popular novelists. And behind all the irony is the quiet strength of Neil Paraday, to whom appreciation brought the end of his career. "When he should come out of the house," says the writer, after reading the pivotal review, "he would come out a contemporary. That was what had happened; the poor man was to be squeezed into his horrible age. I felt as if he had been overtaken on the crest of the hill and brought back to the city. A little more and he would have dipped down the short cut to posterity and escaped." So it is with some misgivings, some fear of selfishly depriving posterity of a pleasure, that the declaration that this is a keen, imaginative and subtle piece of work is made.

#### "A History of Spain"

By Ulick Ralph Burke. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co.

THE MENTAL SLOTH that has characterized the Spanish nation ever since the days of Cervantes and of Calderon shows but faint signs of disappearing. Spain has had practically no participation in the scientific movement of this century; the new spirit in historiography is but slowly penetrating the intellectual gloom. That it is making headway at all is due largely to the efforts of Rafael Altamira, the correspondent of the *Revue Historique*, the editor of the new Spanish historical magazine, and the author of a recently published work on the teaching of history, "La Enseñanza de la Historia." But in general the Spaniards leave the writing of their history to foreigners. A German (G. Diercks) has just published the first of two volumes in which he intends to describe the development of Spain; and, in addition, an Englishman, Mr. Swift, has but very recently given the world an excellent monograph on one of the early kings of Aragon, James I., the contemporary of John Lackland's weak son, Henry III.

The work now before us is from the pen of an Irish scholar of Dublin University. It treats of the history of Spain from the earliest times down to the accession of Charles V., thus well within the period that Prescott's art has made so familiar. From prehistoric times, through the Carthaginian and Roman eras, Mr. Burke traces the history of the country. He describes the Visigothic conquest, and the defeat of the Teutons by the followers of Mohammed. Then he depicts the struggles of the petty kingdoms in the north of the peninsula against the Moslems, culminating in the total expulsion of the latter in the fifteenth century. As the Moslem power declined, the Christian states increased in strength, and tended to unite together. This national movement finally resulted in the union of Aragon and Castile under Ferdinand and Isabella. The author stops his narrative when Spain is

united, but no longer independent, when it is a part of the vast empire of Charles V. Mr. Burke is a dispassionate, impartial writer, yet his work belongs in one respect to the old school of histories. It is not a history of the Spanish state, or of Spanish society, or of the Spanish people. It is a political history, and as such contains no clear line of evolution. This is largely a history of externals, for the author does not look beneath the surface for the great historic forces, the products of past events and of resisting facts, that make his puppets—the kings, bishops and generals—act in a given way. He knows that his book is not what modern science demands, and in his efforts to make it more than a political history, he has marred the lucidity of his narrative. He is continually making excursions into side-paths that tempt his fancy, and breaks his narrative by long digressions on art, music, literature, architecture, bull-fights, universities, coinage, commerce and constitutional history. Some of these chapters contain matter perfectly appropriate in a Spanish history, but not one is introduced in the proper manner: they read like separate essays having no organic connection with the body of the work.

The first volume brings the narrative down to the middle of the fifteenth century; the second covers but half a century. Thus there is a vast disproportion between the completeness with which events are treated in the two volumes. The second volume is devoted to Ferdinand and Isabella, and is an excellent account of their reigns, the author's estimate of the characters of this royal pair being especially good. Yet we would willingly forego this excellence for a fuller treatment of the earlier period—that covered in the first volume, for it is this period that is shrouded in dense darkness, and about which, consequently, our desire for information is most keen. To treat of seventeen centuries in 360 pages in any but a very cursory and superficial manner, is impossible. Recent political philosophers have maintained that the Teutonic race alone has the genius for political organization, and that, just as the present English constitution is the result of the Anglo-Saxon and Norman leaven, so the French owe their political organization to the Franks, and the Spaniards to the Visigoths. To those questioning such assertions about Spain, Mr. Burke neither directly nor indirectly supplies any answer. In reality we learn little new about this whole period—a number of facts, but very few generalizations of permanent value. On the side of institutional and constitutional history, the book is weakest. One brief chapter disposes of constitutional history. The author's remark, that feudalism never existed in Spain, seems strangely at variance with other statements about the powers of the nobles.

To judge by a casual remark in the preface, Mr. Burke's model was J. R. Green's English History. It was in all probability a result of his admiration for Green, that he introduced the digressions mentioned above, but that he is not as successful as Green is no surprise. Leaving aside the question of the relative ability of the two historians, Mr. Burke's task was an inconceivably more difficult one than that of Green. Comparatively little of that detailed investigation, such as is embodied in Swift's James I., had been done for him by others, and such monographs are essential as the basis of a good general history. Green's "History of England" is based on the results of the hard labor of hundreds of other scholars: it is impossible for one man to investigate every detailed phase of a nation's long life. This absence of reliable works on detailed topics was an unsurmountable difficulty, and Mr. Burke ought not to be blamed for not overcoming it. Thus, from an absolute standpoint, his history is a very poor one, and an English or French history of but equal merit would be absolutely worthless. But from the relative standpoint, which is the only just one, in comparison with what we have had heretofore, Mr. Burke's work deserves much praise. It is the best that we have—but while writing these words we sincerely hope that it will not long remain so. The work to supersede it, however—the work



that will not be superseded,—will be produced only after hundreds of scholars have devoted their energies to elucidating every nook and corner of Spanish history.

It may be worth while to point out some misprints and some inaccuracies. Charles the Bold is printed for the Bald (vol. I., p. 147); Hildehand is printed for Hildebrand (vol. I., p. 192). In another place, the Pope in question is called Alexander instead of Hildebrand (vol. I., p. 214). It was not in the Vatican, but at Anagni, that Colonna insulted Boniface VIII. Charles IV. of France was not the son but the brother of Philip V., as well as of Louis X. (vol. II., p. 34).

### The Complete Works of Dante

*Tutte le Opere di Dante Alighieri, nuovamente rivedute nel Testo da Dr. E. Moore. Macmillan & Co.*

NO ONE CAN understand and entirely appreciate the "Divina Commedia" unless he reads it in Italian. The concept of the epic is multiform, and implies at the least three separate significations, which can be apprehended only through the Italian form. It is well worth the while to acquire a reading knowledge of Italian for the sole purpose of reading this immortal monument of the world's literature. Broadly speaking, the works of Dante form a connected whole, and, taking them in their entirety, we may read therein the story of the poet's spiritual life. The order in which the works were written has been probably determined by Scartazzini, as follows: the "Vita Nuova," which belongs for the greater part to the first period; the "Convito," "De Monarchia" and "De Vulgari Eloquentia," belonging to the second period; and the "Divina Commedia" alone to the third and final stage. The letters, the detached "Canzoniere," together with the Latin eclogues, the "Setti Salmi Penitenziali" and the "Professione di Fede" it is not important to establish chronologically. Neither shall we be concerned with the treatise "De Aqua et Terra," which Dr. Moore has properly enough seen fit to include in his collection. In the poems of "Vita Nuova," and in the other poems written about the same time, we discern pure faith, and ingenuous, innocent love of good and God; in the later chapters of the "Vita," in the epistles belonging to that period of his existence, we behold the soul of Dante perturbed with doubts and with the pride of intellect, and carried away by philosophical speculation; at last, in the "Divina Commedia," we perceive that the soul of the poet has found peace in religious faith.

The ideal love of Beatrice Portinari leads him to the highest love, "L'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle." Thus grouped, the works of Dante assume the form of a trilogy, the dramatic expression of not only the individual experience of the Italian poet, but of the history of humanity. Modern intellect is more or less passing now through the second stage of its development: the age of naive faith is gone, and now science, philosophy and mysticism contend to erase from the mind of man the memory of the "Beatrice," or blessed one, of the faith of "the pure in heart." Sad, if not still, is the music of humanity. It is this universality of Dante's writings that makes them forever the possession of all races of men. The "Divina Commedia" has been translated into all the living languages of Europe, excepting, perhaps, the Basque and Finnish; also into Hebrew and Armenian. For the "Divina Commedia," the "Vita Nuova" and the "Convito," Dr. Moore has used the text of Witte; for the lesser poems, "Questio" and the Epistles, together with the treatise "De Vulgari Eloquentia," he has based his text upon that of Fraticelli. In one portable and clearly legible volume the student has here at his hand a complete outfit for the study of Dante. There are no notes, but a convenient index of proper names and chief things in the works of Dante is added to the book by Paget Toynbee, whose reputation as a Dantophile is world-wide.

### Molière

*Molière's Dramatic Works. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Vol. III. Les Femmes Savantes; Le Malade Imaginaire. Roberts Bros.*

IT IS SOMETIMES POSSIBLE to sum up the spirit of a whole people in one consummate artist, the flower of the race. Occasionally, the great man, like Shakespeare, overshadows the particular people to which he belongs, and spreads his banyan-like circumference over the entire intellectual globe. But generally one can select the type-man of genius who for his race is its most brilliant exponent, its most typical and intense focal centre, as Goethe for Germany, Tolstol for Russia, Björnson for Norway and Cervantes for Spain; a man who is a human cornucopia, overflowing with the savors and good things of his nation, rich in its special individualities, and abundant in the generosity with which he gives them back in his written or spoken words.

Of these was Molière, the typical Frenchman of the seventeenth century, as Voltaire was of the eighteenth and Hugo of the nineteenth century. He might have adopted the Sun King's words, "L'État, c'est moi," for all France lived and sparkled under the perruque and in the eyes of the astute *gracioso* of the King, who simultaneously amused the whole kingdom. The marvellous activity of this man poured itself forth in farce and comedy, in verse and prose, in satire and buffoonery, until it suddenly expired as he was acting the principal part in one of his own productions, "Le Malade Imaginaire." Molière was carried out dying, in the dress of Argand, with his own words on his lips, that fateful night in February, 1673. This play had been written in honor of the return of Louis XIV. from the wars. It is a famous and effective piece of wit, directed against the quacks and mountebanks of the day. Its drollery is inimitable, and its wide knowledge of human nature, of women and doctors, emits abundant flashes on every page. Miss Wormeley's translation is good, but reads a little "blank-versey." The other comedy which she has chosen to go along with this is "Les Femmes Savantes," where wit, nonsense and pseudo-knowledge contend with one another, and the imaginary learned woman is made as perfectly delightful as the imaginary patient. The fad of the day was omniscience, from which no one was allowed to be exempt, least of all the women; and with it Molière mingles an amusing love-tangle, with three women contending triangularly over one poor man. His humor bubbles with charming freshness over these dry personages, whose stilted talk and make-believe knowledge show that Molière only anticipated Huxley in pricking insincere theories and hypocrisies of all kinds. His cleverness is wonderfully French, his glance is Aristophanic, his language is universal. All can understand "fun" as he made it, and yet he is intensely French, intensely seventeenth-century, true to his nation and to his time. One must congratulate oneself on having versions of such a writer so pleasing as Miss Wormeley's.

### "English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century"

*Lectures delivered at Oxford Easter Terms, 1893-94. By James Anthony Froude. Charles Scribner's Sons.*

ONE OF THE PREGNANT paragraphs that introduce this pregnant book reads as follows:—

"The English seaman was the legitimate child of the Reformation. It grew, as I shall show you, directly out of the new despised Protestantism. Matthew Parker and Bishop Jewel, the judicious Hooker himself, excellent men as they were, would have written and preached to small purpose without Sir Francis Drake's cannon to play the accompaniment to their teaching." Such is the text on which these nine brilliant sermons are based, lay sermons preached before Oxford University by the great historian who lately passed away, and now gathered into a volume as the ripest fruit of his last meditations on his favorite subject—English history in the sixteenth century. About the mighty Tudors, father, son and daughters, many-wived, wifeless, husbandless, bigot,

gathered an intense interest, not only for the gifted Regius Professor of Modern History, but for all those who love England, love Elizabeth, loathe Henry, or pity and admire Edward. The whole century rings with their personalities, their pride, their voices, their wrangles, victories, marriages, negotiations, wars; and it was the century which rang also with the thunderous voice of Luther, the fame of Charles V., the gallantries of Francis I., the murderous onslaughts of Philip II. Europe was a medley and playground of suddenly liberated impulses escaping from a thousand years' imprisonment.

Mr. Froude takes up this "high epic" of the English seas, and traces with bright eloquence the puny birth of the English navy at Portsmouth, until, in 1588, it overthrew the Invincible Armada, and wrested forever from Spain the sovereignty of the seas, simultaneously establishing the ascendancy of the Teutonic over the Latin races. England has always been fortunately situated for a sea power, and it would have been strange, indeed, if, like the Athenians, she had not profited by her situation and seized, as Jean Paul said, "the empire of the sea." As soon as the exigency arose, the men were there—Hawkins, Sir Francis Drake ("who traced the first furrow around the globe"), Lord Howard of Effingham, and the heroes of Hakluyt, famous as the men of the Ilian catalogue and furious as the north wind in pouncing upon Spaniards distraught. Mr. Froude's dramatic tale is a prose epic worthy to stand beside legendary Odysseys and take its place on chosen bookshelves. It contains inaccuracies and misstatements and "Froudacities," of course; Elizabeth is continually berated for parsimonies which recent authentic state papers show she did not practice and knew nothing about; but in general the tale is so well, so graphically told, that it produces a profound impression and stimulates the reader to read the last page and enjoy the last heroic achievement of these marvellous Protestants of the sea, who fought perhaps more for England (then two-thirds Catholic) than for either life or Protestantism, bearded King Philip in Cadiz Harbor, wrecked the huge fleet of Medina Sidonia, and strewn Atlantic and Pacific oceans with the "barbaric pearl and gold" of Spanish galleons.

#### "Diary of Anna Green Winslow"

Edited by Alice Morris Earle. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

SHE WAS A Boston school-girl of 1771, and she wrote exactly as all the girls we ever knew write in their letters. Her epistles and journals run right on from the parson's sermon to ribbons and bonnets and shopping and play and beaux and girl friends. She writes about her "unkle" and her "bonnett" and moves right on from the mysteries raised and temporarily quieted by preaching, to the profound question whether "one sleeve would make a full trim'd negligee as the fashion is at present." Anon, she expresses her aunt's regret that "a congregational divine should, by any instance whatever, give her so unpleasing an idea." Our little damsel was pretty according to her portrait in miniature; at any rate, she wore her hair *à la Pompadour*, and worked in flowers and pearls. A well-dressed, well-mannered damsel, in a dress cut square at the neck and trimmed with lace, with a moss-rose stuck in the centre of the corsage—that was little Anna Green Winslow. Preposterous is the idea that the Puritans of Boston did not have plenty of money and candy and stoves and comfortable houses and plenty of silk dresses, good dinners, hot rum and pretty much everything else that made them believe that they were "the elect." One has only to count the number of Miss Winslow's dresses to see how absurd is the idea that the Puritans had a gloomy time of it. The editor has done her work well, giving us an informing preface, plenty of luminous notes, a number of portraits, and other matter of interest. A descendant of the lady who first jumped on shore at Plymouth from the Mayflower's pinnace, and well-connected, Anna Green Winslow was "somebody." No record yet discovered tells of how

she left this vale of smiles, though tradition has it that consumption, of which so many of the Puritan belles died on account of their low-necked dresses, carried her off at Marshfield, in the fall of 1779. The binding reproduces suggestively the old samplers.

#### "Actual Africa"

Or, *The Coming Continent*. By Frank Vincent. D. Appleton & Co.

WHAT IS THE SECRET OF AFRICA? Why does it exercise such a fascination upon the nineteenth-century white man? Why does the first visit almost certainly compel repetition? Why do books about Africa pour out in apparently ceaseless streams? Why does this author, like other men of prophesy and experience, call it "the coming continent"? These are questions difficult to answer at first sight, yet to the thoughtful student the secret of this fascination lies open. Africa is one of the continents that has not had its day; it is of the future, and full of promise, though in the perspective of the vanished centuries are the storied empires of the Nile valley and the Mediterranean rim, and southward the mysterious places and all their wonders that fill the pages of classic and mediæval writers. All these, however, would not turn the wealth-seeking Anglo-Saxon from other lands. Considering the resolute way in which so many white men—the hunter, the seeker of gold, gems and land, and the missionary—hazard health and life to open Africa, one recalls the vivid phrase of St. Luke, "And immediately the Spirit driveth him into the wilderness." There are solid grounds for thinking that Africa is the coming continent. It contains one-fourth of the dry land of the globe; it is three times as large as Europe, and has almost the area of the two Americas combined. Its population is nearly the same as that of the Western hemisphere, or one-eleventh of the human race. One-half of Africa is occupied by tilled fields, valuable forests and fairly fertile soil as yet unturned by the spade; no continent can approach it in variety and profusion of animal life; and its output of gold and diamonds is unparalleled in the history of the world. Already its unappropriated area is but 1,000,000 square miles, European governments having appropriated 11,000,000. Only the tropical coast belt and a few of the river valleys are in the main unhealthy; elsewhere the climate is salubrious and the earth fertile and tempting. It is hard to speak of the Africa of 1895 as "dark," for the splendid colored map appended to this portly volume suggests, by its varied tintings, not only hope, ambition, knowledge and the future, but also abundant occupation and development already achieved.

Mr. Vincent is no mere tourist, but an explorer, and the crimson lines on the map show that, besides sailing along the coasts and here and there making numerous dips into African regions, he has travelled through the southern European states, Madagascar, the Congo region, Guinea, Algeria and Egypt. It would be idle to go into the details of his fifty-eight chapters, but suffice it to say that, besides the fascinating element of personal experience, there are thoughtful studies of life and environment, of resources, government, soil and mine, of possibilities and drawbacks, of natural scenery, of ethnology—in short, of almost everything that can interest the student and the intending traveller or settler. The hundred illustrations in his book have been most carefully selected: they give a clear and suggestive idea of the variety of man and of civilization in this triangular continent.

#### Popular and Scientific Botany

"WAYSIDE AND WOODLAND BLOSSOMS," by Edward Step, is, indeed, "a pocket-guide to British wild-flowers for the country rambler"—a very neat little volume describing 400 species of plants growing wild in Great Britain, and illustrated by 156 colored figures, which are not artistic, but are effective for purposes of identification. The species are arranged in the order of their appearance in the season, both their common and Latin names are given, and they are described in terms easy to understand. Besides the description, the text contains many interesting,



instructive and pleasing references to habit, biology and association. This is not a book for the systematic botanist, but for the rambler who wishes an easy means of acquainting himself with forms that greet him as he walks through British lanes and fields and woods. (F. Warne & Co.)—"FAMILIAR FLOWERS of Field and Garden," by F. Schuyler Matthews, is a good handbook for the rambler in the Eastern United States. As in the preceding book, the plants are described in the order of blossoming, the descriptions are easy and running, and the text is amply illustrated by good woodcuts. The last fifty pages of the 300 making up the volume form a tabular description of the habitat, locality, color and time of bloom of about 500 species and varieties of flowers. (D. Appleton & Co.)

THE FIRST HALF of Kerner von Marilaun's well-known "Pflanzenleben" has appeared in English, under the title of "The Natural History of Plants," and the second half is soon to follow. Of the original German edition little need be said. It is a popular account of plant life—form, physiology, reproduction, relationship and geographical distribution,—illustrated with more than 1000 excellent woodcuts and sixteen lithographic plates in colors. In wonderfully accurate but easily comprehended descriptions, it opens to the ordinary reader the results of botanical research down to the present time. Of its kind it is the best treatise that has appeared in recent years, and its excellence has been acknowledged alike by the professional and the unprofessional. The translation is made by the well-known botanist and writer, Prof. Oliver of University College, London. The illustrations are from the original plates. It is a matter for congratulation to the publishers that they have succeeded so well in producing so excellent an English edition, and to the public that there is now offered them the means of becoming acquainted with the whole realm of plant life, and with the results and tendencies of recent research in plant biology. These volumes are valuable for public libraries, for school and college libraries, and for all those interested in nature-study. (Henry Holt & Co.)

"WILD FLOWERS of the North-Eastern States," by Ellen Miller and Margaret Christine Whiting, is a book of 600 pages, describing over 300 species of flowering plants, the text for each description filling one page, the engraving of the plant occupying the opposite one. The collection of figures, with the description, is intended as "a beginning toward a floral portrait-gallery." The text is practically a recasting in popular terms of the well-known brief descriptions of systematic botanies. The reading lacks, therefore, the ease and charm of the chatty descriptions found in the volumes by Step and Matthews. The figures are mostly characteristic of the plants they represent. Some question might be raised as to the correctness of such terms as "a cool green" and "a juicy green," and the authors have sometimes carried their inferences too far. On the whole, the book may be recommended as an aid to the easy recognition of Eastern wild-flowers. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—"TEN NEW ENGLAND BLOSSOMS and Their Insect Visitors" is a prettily illustrated and dainty little volume, by Clarence Moores Weed. Like many that are appearing now, this book is an attempt to popularize science, and to carry accurate observation into outdoor rambles. While Mr. Weed in some of his passages—like that on the theatre among the iris blossoms—seems to write laboriously in order to be entertaining, yet, on the other hand, his record of observation is clear, and he is thoroughly scientific, though always easily understood, even by the untrained. The number of plants observed is many more than the title would seem to indicate. The text deals also with the work of the great observers, such as Sprengel, Darwin, Lubbock and others. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

SYSTEMATIC BOTANISTS have for some years recognized Warming's "Haandbog i den Systematiske Botanik" as one of the best of its kind, though, owing to the language in which it was written, its pages were inaccessible to many. This difficulty was in a measure remedied by the appearance, in 1890, of a German edition, prepared by Dr. Knoblauch. Now an English edition is on the market, with Prof. Potter of the Durham College of Science as translator and editor. This "Handbook of Systematic Botany" contains over 600 pages, well illustrated with figures in the text. It is brought down to the present time by the use of the latest Danish edition (1892), by the German edition of 1890, and by still more recent supplementary notes from Warming and Knoblauch to the translator. The most important changes from the Danish edition are the revision of the Fungi, by Knoblauch, who

has used Brefeld's classification; of the Bacteria, by Migula; of the Floridæ according to Schmitz; and of the Taphrinaceæ according to Sadebeck. (Macmillan & Co.)—"EXPERIMENTAL PLANT PHYSIOLOGY," by D. T. MacDougal, is not a great change from the same author's translation of Oels's "Pflanzenphysiologische Versuche," which appeared two years ago. It is a handbook of experiments for high schools and lower classes in college, the experiments being conducted with simple apparatus, thus avoiding the necessity of an expensive laboratory equipment. There is no better book in English for the study of plant physiology by simple means. (Henry Holt & Co.)

"A STUDENTS' TEXT-BOOK of Botany," by Prof. Vines of Oxford, appears as two half-volumes, the whole comprising 800 pages. To morphology are given eighty-eight pages, to anatomy and histology 125 pages, to classification 450 pages, and to physiology 110 pages. The matter of the book has the same arrangement as that in the English edition of Prof. Prout's "Lehrbuch," edited some years ago by Prof. Vines. The author seems to have made a great effort to incorporate in his book the most important results of recent research, and to eliminate as much detail as possible. Some readers will probably think that the details retained are insufficient. It may be questioned, also, whether Prof. Vines has done well to omit all references to original sources. As an example of *multum in parvo* the book excels; the student can get the teaching of the text by slow, attentive and persevering reading. (Macmillan & Co.)—PROF. L. H. BAILEY'S "Horticulturist's Rule-Book" is a compendium of useful information on plant-diseases and their remedies, care of lawns, seed-tables, planting-tables, green-house work, keeping and storing of fruits, analysis of soils, literature, etc. Prof. Bailey's name as the author is assurance enough that this book has great practical value, founded upon a scientific basis. (Macmillan & Co.)

#### Economics, Labor and Municipal Government

WE HAVE RECEIVED a pamphlet containing "Five Papers Read at the Seventh Annual Meeting" of the American Economic Association, at Columbia College, last December. The first is by John C. Clark, on "The Modern Appeal to Legal Forces in Economic Life," and discusses the question whether and how far the State may usefully interfere with the natural working of trusts, labor-unions and other industrial combinations of the time, but without reaching any definite conclusion. Carroll D. Wright follows with a paper on "The Chicago Strike," which, he thinks, has led to some changes in public opinion regarding the status of railway companies and their employees. Davis R. Dewey discusses "Irregularity of Employment," and Arthur T. Hadley deals with the Malthusian question in "Population and Capital." There is, also, a paper on "The Papal Encyclical on Labor," by John G. Brooks, in which the author calls attention to the increasingly democratic tendencies of the Roman Catholic Church under the pontificate of Leo XIII. Thus, every one of the five essays which the pamphlet contains deals with some aspect of the labor problem—a problem which twenty-five years ago was thought by most economists and politicians to be of little importance. None of these papers can be said to shed much new light on the subject, but they are interesting as showing the tendencies of the time. In particular do they show that those who treat the subject most intelligently no longer regard the labor question as purely economic, for most of these essays deal with its moral and political aspects, which are now deemed quite as important as the economic, and in some respects even more so. (Macmillan & Co.)

IN MANY RECENT works on municipal government it has been pointed out that one reason why our city administrations are not what they ought to be, is that the Legislature of the State is perpetually interfering in city affairs, the inference drawn being that such interference ought to cease and home rule be given to the cities. On the other hand, it is held, and rightly so, that some of the functions of the municipalities, such as the policing of the city and the management of the schools, are not of mere local importance, but concern the whole State, and consequently that the State ought to have some control of them. The Legislature, however, is not well fitted for administrative work; hence the suggestion has been made, that some central administrative body, like the English Local Government Board, should be established, with power to protect the general interests of the State in the municipalities, and to secure harmony of administration. The latest advocate of this policy is Prof. John R. Commons, who has just

issued a pamphlet on "State Supervision for Cities," in which he proposes the establishment of a Board of Supervisors, whose functions shall be confined to investigation of local affairs and the giving of advice to the Legislature. How far such a board would fulfil the requirements of real State control we cannot here consider, but the suggestion is worth the attention of those who are puzzling over the intricate problem of municipal administration. (Phila.: American Academy of Political & Social Science.)—A SERIES OF papers, published some years ago, has been issued in book-form in the Religion of Science Library, under the title of "Wheelbarrow on the Labor Question." The author is the late Gen. M. M. Trumbull, who spent a large portion of his life at unskilled labor, chiefly on railways, a part of his work consisting in wheeling articles in a wheelbarrow. The book before us discusses various aspects of the labor question, generally with good sense and sometimes with acuteness; but, as the work is already known to the public, we need not dwell upon it at length now. It is prefaced by a brief autobiography of the author, and contains in an appendix a discussion and criticism of the single-tax theory. (Open Court Pub. Co.)

"GOVERNMENT & CO., LIMITED," by Horatio W. Seymour, is a criticism of the policy, so long pursued in our State and Federal governments, of granting special privileges and other favors to industrial enterprises. The protective tariff, of course, is the central point of the author's attack; but he instances, also, other examples of the same principle, such as the land grants to railroads, the pension grab and others. The various aspects of the subject are discussed at considerable length, and the manifold evils resulting from the system of privilege clearly pointed out. That privileged classes should exist in monarchical countries is a matter of course, but Mr. Seymour thinks it surprising that anything similar should be found in a democratic republic. He does not, except very briefly, discuss the causes which have made this possible in America, though he brings out the fact that the impulse which leads men to ask for governmental favors is the passion for wealth, now so all-pervading and so reckless of justice and right. If he had carried the investigation a little farther, he would perhaps have seen that, so long as that passion is dominant in American life, we must expect that every class or clique that can influence the officers of state will use its influence for the benefit of its own pockets. Mr. Seymour's denunciations of privilege, therefore, though merited by the objects of them, will, we fear, have very little effect on our legislative bodies, which grant the privileges, or on the persons and classes who benefit by them. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

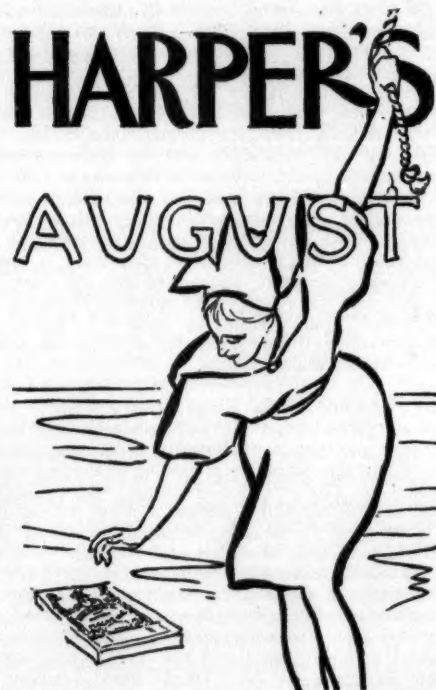
### The August Magazines

#### "The Atlantic Monthly"

THE STUDENT of American politics and their relation to recent history will find something of a revelation in Jacob Dolson Cox's account of "How Judge Hoar ceased to be Attorney-General" in Grant's first Cabinet. It is accompanied by a sketch of Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, by Darwin E. Dare.—Dealing with a similar subject is "President Polk's Diary," by James Schouler. This Diary was copied in 1887 from the original MSS., by permission of Mrs. Polk, for the late George Bancroft, who, at the age of eighty-six, proposed to write a history of President Polk's administration. He died before he could carry out his plan, and the Diary was sold, together with the rest of Mr. Bancroft's books, to the Lenox Library. Mr. Schouler finds in this Diary an honest, simple, sturdy man, badgered to desperation by spoilsmen and wishing repeatedly that he had no offices to bestow.—Eugenia Skelding describes Lowell's "Yorkshire Haunts" around Whitby; George Birkbeck Hill contributes his fourth "Talk over Autographs"; and Robert Swain Peabody writes of "French and English Churches." Percival Lowell completes his remarkable study of Mars in a paper on the planet's possible inhabitants, ending with some notable words addressed to the reader. "The Wrongs of the Jurymen" are set forth by Harvey N. Shepard; and Mary Logan points out the uses of "The New Art Criticism."—The stories are "A Woman's Luncheon," and "Thrift," by L. Dougall; and one member of the Contributors' Club deals with the career of Ferdinand de Lesseps, weighing his importance and gifts carefully, and giving a survey of the malodorous Panama swindle. According to this writer, "he was simply a promoter, though a promoter of the first order." And another tells of "A Last Look" he had at Rubinstein in the railway station at Cologne, at midnight.

#### "Harper's Magazine"

THE "MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM" is the subject of a series of illustrations by Edwin A. Abbey, the comment being by Andrew Lang; Frederic Remington has discovered "Cracker Cowboys in Florida," but failed to find them picturesque, as are their Western brothers; Julian Ralph continues his trip in a canal-boat through China, C. D. Weldon contributing twenty illustrations, among them a picture of a most attractive Chinese woman (facing page 366); Poultney Bigelow's second paper on "The German Struggle for Liberty" shows the ease with which Napoleon overran all Germany, and the demoralization of the country, closing with the famous interview between Queen Louise and the Corsican; and Mr. Howells tells how he went "Roundabout to Boston" after his consulship at Venice. The paper opens with a picture of his Venetian home, Casa Falier, and is adorned with a number of portraits. It may interest *The Forum's* "Literary Hack" to learn that at the age of thirty Mr. Howells felt fairly



well off on a salary of fifty dollars a week.—Not only the scene and the subject of Thomas Wharton's short story, "Bobbo," are French; the treatment, also, is thoroughly Gallic, with the airy grace and happy fancy of a successful *opéra-bouffe*; Margaret Sutton Briscoe's "Jimmy" is a story of New York Bohemia; Mr. Smedley's illustrations portray the worthy French couple that has so long catered to the better class of Bohemia in South Washington Square, but has recently moved a little farther uptown.—A strange tale of illusion is "The Little Room," by Madeleine Yale Wynne, and, unhappily, its solution is beyond possibility now, as the house that contained the little room which changed into a china-closet has been burned down. Hamlin Garland contributes a story of rural Illinois, "An Evangel in Cyrene."—Charles Dudley Warner deals with the "Evolution of the Newspaper," "The New Nation in the East" and "Our Consular Service"; there is a poem by Richard Burton, and some clever verses by John Kendrick Bangs.

#### "The Century Magazine"

THE VACATION PAPERS in this Midsummer Holiday Number are "Old-Fashioned Fishing," by the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, "Fox-Hunting in Kentucky," by John Fox, Jr., and "Reminiscences of Literary Berkshire," by Henry Dwight Sedgwick—dealing with Stockbridge and its many notable inhabitants and visitors. Fannie Kemble, Emerson, Mark Hopkins, Longfellow, James A. Garfield, Hawthorne, Beecher, N. P. Willis, Macready, George William Curtis, J. G. Holland, Thoreau, Orville Dewey, Herman Melville and Matthew Arnold are among the celebrities that fill



through these pages; many of them were visitors at the Sedgwick house in Stockbridge, the home of the writer's family.—George Wharton Edwards has contributed a series of character sketches from a faraway corner of the land—one of the places that are full of quaint interest to the visitor, and lead him into the belief that he could stay on forever.—Chester Bailey Fernald tells a new San Francisco Chinese story, in "The Cat and the Cherub," wherein figure the little son of a Chinatown merchant, the child's favorite cat, a youthful artist of the gentler sex and a Chinese cook—the latter *passim*. The cherub is possessed of the un-Chinese and eminently American trait of love of adventure; moreover, he has fallen in love with the beautiful girl, and so he leaves home and toddles after her. The story is charmingly told.—Of matters Chinese treats also Commander P. N. McGiffin of the Chen Yuen, the Chinese war-ship sunk in the battle off the Yalu River; and his account of that famous sea-battle is supplemented by the great authority, Capt. Mahan, with a paper on the "Lessons from the Yalu Fight."—Julia Magruder adds another instalment to the story of "The Princess Sonia"; Marion Crawford confirms the suspicions of the readers of "The Ralstons" regarding the relations existing between Crowdie the artist and Griggs the novelist, in a new chapter of "Casa Braccio"; and Timothy Cole deals with Rubens.—There are poems by James Whitcomb Riley, John Vance Cheney, Mary McNeill Scott, Agnes M. Cole and Lucy C. Bull; Isabel Hapgood writes of Sonya Kovalévsky; and Max Nordau answers his critics.

#### "The Pall Mall Magazine"

ROBERT S. HICHENS, the author of "The Green Carnation," contributes to this number a short story, "A Reincarnation," which is decidedly interesting and original. The author takes unwarranted liberties with the theory of metempsychosis, we believe—at least, we did not know that the soul of a white cat, having migrated into the body of a handsome woman, could simply transform that body into that of the aforesaid white cat, and jump out of the window: it is all so bewildering, but the cat came back and disappeared again, and the woman disappeared, too, and the man was killed, and there must have been some confusion when they saw what they had done. But the story is well worth reading.—Another story of reincarnation is W. W. Astor's "Monsieur de Néron," who was simply Nero reincarnated, and, moreover, Nero conscious of his ancient imperial life of crime, and not chastened by eighteen centuries of transmigration.—A second paper on birds, with colored illustrations by F. Giacomelli, will prove as welcome as the first. The rest of the contents includes a paper on "The Follies of Fashion," as seen in the dances of the early part of this century; "The Palace of Fontainebleau," by August F. Jaccaci; "A Reflection on the Habits and Tastes of Fish," by Norman Pearson; and a new instalment of the "Evolution in Italian Art," by Grant Allen, devoted to "The Madonna and Child."

#### "The North American Review"

ANDREW LANG has a few words to say on "'Tendencies' in Fiction." "When the public says 'literature,' the public means novels—and new novels," he declares. "History, Philosophy, Theology, are not now read as our fathers read them, in works of Theology, Philosophy and History. These branches of literature now exist merely as 'stock'—in the culinary sense—for novels. \* \* \* Interested in many grave and in some repulsive matters, the public declines to study these themes in the treatises of specialists, and devours them when they are sandwiched between layers of fiction." He passes in review "A Superfluous Woman," "The Heavenly Twins," "The Yellow Aster," "Dodo" and "Les Demi-Vierges," ending with a reference to "the good old tendency to love a plain tale of adventure, of honest loves and fair fighting." That all the *Tendens-romane* which English women novelists especially have poured upon us during the last two years have been forgotten within six months after their appearance, proves how little impression their teachings and tendencies have made.—Among the rest of the contents we note "The Menace of Romanism," by the President of the A. P. A., and "Leo XIII. and the Social Question," by the Rev. J. A. Zahm; "The New Administration in England," by Sir Charles Dilke, M. P.; "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence," by Prof. Goldwin Smith, devoted to Prof. Drummond's "Ascent of Man," Kidd's "Social Evolution" and Balfour's "Foundations of Belief."

#### "Scribner's Magazine"

ALTHOUGH THIS IS the magazine's annual Fiction Number, the editor is fully justified in opening its pages with F. Hopkinson Smith's heartily appreciative paper on "The Pastels of Edwin Abbey." His lucid exposition of the difficulties and limitations of pastel in general, and of Mr. Abbey's mastery and discernment of them, will appeal even to the benighted Philistine. The reproductions of pastels (eight in number) are among the best work in magazine illustration we have ever seen.—The writers who have contributed stories are so well known that we merely quote them: Anthony Hope, H. C. Bunner, Richard Harding Davis, Noah Brooks, George T. Putnam and Octave Thanet—the last-named author's story, "The 'Scab,'" being in our opinion the best. Mr. Bunner's "Aromatic Uncle" lived in the earlier part of this century and was a merchant in China. His name he earned

## SCRIBNER'S



## FICTION NUMBER

by sending to his New York niece and her husband cabinets and lacquer-work and all the quaint, grotesque and artistic products of the East that bring with them a strange, Oriental aroma—or, rather, used to bring, for it is suspiciously lacking in most of the Oriental lacquer-work brought to this country to-day. Anthony Hope's story will be finished in the September number. We cannot say that he is at his best here. "A Ruined Faith-Doctor," by Charles Ridgway Van Blarcom, is original, notwithstanding its subject.—Theodore Roosevelt's review of "Six Years of Civil Service Reform" is clear, to the point, and decidedly optimistic as to the future. Arsène Alexandre writes of "All Paris A-Wheel"; A Leveille is the new artist in the series of wood-engravers; and the poems are by Z. D. Underhill, Duncan Campbell Scott and Benjamin Paul Blood.

#### "McClure's Magazine"

THIS IS a "Midsummer Fiction Number," the fiction consisting of another Jungle Story, "Good Hunting," by Rudyard Kipling; the first of a series of six short stories, by Anthony Hope, each complete in itself, the heroine of which is the Princess Osra, whom readers of "The Prisoner of Zenda" will remember; "A Yellow Dog," by Bret Harte; and "Farming the Taxes," a new Adventure of a Minister of France, by Stanley J. Weyman.—Archibald Forbes deals with "Moltke in War," both in the Austrian campaign and that against France; Ida M. Tarbell treats of "Bishop Vincent and His Work," the Bishop's portraits form-

ing the "Human Documents" of the number; and Cleveland Moffett tells the story of "The Great Northampton Bank Robbery," from the archives of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, and likewise gives us a view "Behind the Scenes in the Circus."

#### "The Forum"

PROF. ALBERT S. COOK of Yale discusses "Chautauqua: its Aims and Influence"; Prof. Eric Schmidt deals with "The Goethe Archives"; Maurus Jókai gives his "Literary Recollections," which are partly political and partly personal; W. H. Mallock considers the question, "Is an Income-Tax Socialistic?"; the address delivered by Justice Henry B. Brown of the Supreme Court before the graduating class of Yale Law School, this year, on "The Twentieth Century," is reprinted in full; "The Drift of Population to Cities," its causes and possible consequences, are considered by Henry J. Fletcher; A. B. Hepburn explains the excellent work of "The Bond Syndicate"; the "Substitution of Teacher for Text-Book" is advocated by Dr. J. M. Rice, who deplores "the professional weakness of our teachers"; E. V. Smalley writes on "The Deep-Waterways Problem"; and Christina Goodwin makes "An Appeal to Housekeepers," to make the life of their servants more pleasant and interesting.

#### "The Popular Science Monthly"

HERBERT SPENCER deals with "Orator and Poet, Actor and Dramatist" in the fourth instalment of "Professional Institutions"; A. D. White continues his study of the "Growth of Scientific Interpretation" of the Bible; Lucien Howe, M. D., has a curious paper on "Art and Eyesight," which painters will do well to read, and likewise students and lovers of art; nor would it be amiss for Dr. Nordau to take notice of its contents. The observations of oculists lead him to "expect that the eyes of artists are as a rule more imperfect than those of persons with other occupations," and this shortcoming affects drawing, values and coloring alike. But "we must not confuse this optical trick of the impressionist with his mental condition." Curious, also, are the observations, quoted by Dr. Howe, made by Prof. Liebreich, a prominent oculist of London, a quarter of a century ago, regarding Turner's pictures:—"Till the year 1830," says Liebreich, in speaking of Turner, "all is normal. In 1831 a change in the coloring becomes for the first time perceptible, which gives to the works of Turner a peculiar character not found in any other master. Optically this is caused by an increased intensity of the diffused light proceeding from the most illuminated parts of the landscape. \* \* \* From the year 1833 this diffusion of light becomes more and more vertical. It gradually increases during the following years. At first it can only be perceived by a careful examination of the pictures, but from 1839 the regular vertical streaks become apparent to everyone. \* \* \* It is a generally received opinion that Turner adopted a peculiar manner, that he exaggerated it more and more, and that his last works are the result of a deranged intellect. I am convinced of the incorrectness—I might also say of the injustice—of this opinion. \* \* \* According to my opinion, his manner is exclusively the result of a change in the eyes, which developed itself during the last twenty years of his life. In consequence of it, the aspect of Nature gradually changed for him, while he continued in an unconscious, I might say in a naive, manner to reproduce what he saw."—Two articles on education, "The Physical Element in Education," by Prof. E. L. Richards, and "The Nervous System and its Relation to Education," belong together. Dr. J. T. Stoddard studies "Argon," and Hubert Lyman Clark, "The Motive for Scientific Research"; Prof. David Starr Jordan gives a long-needed example of the discoveries of science applied to poetry in "To Barbara," a metrical and rhymed study in heredity; and the contents of the number are completed by articles on "Apparatus for Extinguishing Fire," by John G. Morse; "Pleasures of the Telescope," by G. P. Serviss; "The Work of Ideas in Human Evolution," by Gustave Le Bon; and a sketch of Charles Upham Shepard.

#### "Lippincott's"

"LITTLE LADY LEE," by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron, the complete novel in this number, is readable and ends happily, though the little lady has a very unhappy time of it from the first chapter to the last but one. Baronets are proverbially wicked, especially old ones, and Sir George, Little Lady Lee's husband, is a Marquis of Steyne on a reduced scale. He brings his Becky Sharp to his ancestral halls, and then installs her in a red-brick cottage near

his gates, but Little Lady Lee suffers in silence, and is rewarded in time for her invertebrate meekness and inconceivable innocence. —Other stories in this number are "A Friend of the Devil," by Maurice Thompson, dealing with Georgia superstitions; "Applied Art," by William T. Nichols; "The Romance of an Ox-



Team," by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts; and "Two Prayers," by Kathleen Gray Nelson. Dr. Charles C. Abbott describes a country ramble "Up Pearson's Lane"; W. T. Larned points out "The Passing of the Cowpuncher"; and Nellie B. McCune writes of "Caricature." John Gilmer Speed talks of "The Cycling Era"; and Annie Steger Winston of "The Pleasures of Bad Taste."

#### Magazine Notes.

THE LEADING ARTICLES in the August *Review of Reviews* are on "Theodore Roosevelt," by Julian Ralph; "The Cleaning of Mulberry Bend: the Story of the Rise and Fall of a Typical New York Slum," by Jacob A. Riis; "The Third Salisbury Cabinet," by William T. Stead; and "The Record of the Rosebery Administration."

*Romance* for August contain stories by Anna Katharine Green, Grant Allen, Anthony Hope and Paul Hervieu.

The August *New England Magazine* contains, among other matter, a paper on the part played by the citizens of "Machias in the Revolution and Afterward," by M. E. C. Smith; and "The Story of the Boston Public Library," by Edmund J. Carpenter. A study of "Hawthorne as an Interpreter of New England" is from the pen of Katharine Hillard.

Miss Murfree's new story, "The Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain," will first appear in three numbers of *The Atlantic*, beginning in September.

*The Bachelor of Arts* for July-August opens with an account of "Town and Gown Rows at Princeton." W. D. Ellwanger writes of "The Collecting of Stevensons"; L. H. Weeks talks about tobacco; and Guy Wetmore Carryl devotes some lines "To that Good Friend, my Pipe." J. West Roosevelt has a poem, "Omar Khayyâm"; and there is a lengthy discussion of "Harvard and the English Challenge."

A Society of Archivists and Autograph Collectors has been formed in London. It will publish a paper of its own, for the first number of which Dr. Furnivall will write an article on Shakespeare's autograph.



### Abram C. Bernheim

BY THE DEATH of Mr. Abram C. Bernheim, New York has lost that one of her younger citizens who could least easily be replaced. His character and career were so unusual and so worthy of emulation, as to justify somewhat fuller consideration than *The Critic* can afford, as a rule, in the case of any name not eminent in letters.

Mr. Bernheim was born in this city on 1 Feb. 1866. At the age of twelve he passed from Public School No. 18 into the College of the City of New York. Two years later he entered Columbia Law School; he was graduated therefrom in due time, and continued his legal studies with the firm of Morrison, Lauterbach & Spingarn. In the spring of 1884 he went to Berlin for the purpose of taking a special course at the University. On returning to New York he entered his father's counting-room, where he remained for several years. At the beginning of the year 1893, he became a member of what is now the banking and broking firm of Skehan & Bernheim, and in May 1894 was admitted to the Stock Exchange. At the time of his death he was a Director of the Plaza Bank. He had visited Europe as a boy in 1880, and in 1892 he made the Mediterranean tour, including Spain, Italy, Sicily, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Arabia and Egypt. Last summer he went abroad for the fourth and last time, spending a month or two in England and a week in Paris.

Historical and political studies early engaged his attention. The thesis which secured from Columbia a Ph.D. was an essay on the history of the law of aliens. His researches in another field led in 1888 to his designation by his *alma mater* as Prize Lecturer on the Political History of New York; his appointment to a full Lectureship followed in 1894. For years he had been a discriminating collector of rare books and engravings relating to old New York. Some of these have already found their way to the shelves of the college library, and the rest of the collection will probably follow them. When it was decided to remove the college to a more desirable site, Mr. Bernheim made a liberal contribution to the building fund. He was in hearty accord with the new order established at Columbia under President Low's administration.

The attempt to improve the condition of the tenement-house population engaged Mr. Bernheim's sympathy years ago, and led to his identification with the Tenement House Building Company, which erected several model tenements in Cherry Street in 1881. Early in 1889, a branch of the Neighborhood Guild (founded in 1887 by Dr. Stanton Coit) was established in these houses; and two years later, when the Guild was seriously embarrassed by lack of funds, Mr. Bernheim was the moving spirit in the organization of the University Settlement Society, which, by its powerful backing of the Guild, has made itself the most potent influence for good in that part of New York where such influences least abound. To him more than to any one is due the fact that two thousand souls derive inspiration and stimulus from weekly contact with the wholesome activities of the Settlement in Delancey Street.

Returning to New York, in 1892, strongly impressed by the movement that had taken high art to the humblest neighborhoods in London, Mr. Bernheim bestirred himself to do for the East Side here what had been done for the East End there. The free art loan exhibitions given under the auspices of the University

Settlement Society in 1892 and 1893, and under the joint auspices of this Society and the Educational Alliance in 1895, were the fruits of his enthusiasm. His own account of this new departure in the popularization of art appeared in *The Forum* for July 1895. The number of visitors to the exhibition this year was 105,000; and a photographic reproduction of the most popular painting was afterwards given by Mr. Bernheim to each of the more than 12,000 men, women and children who had voted for it.

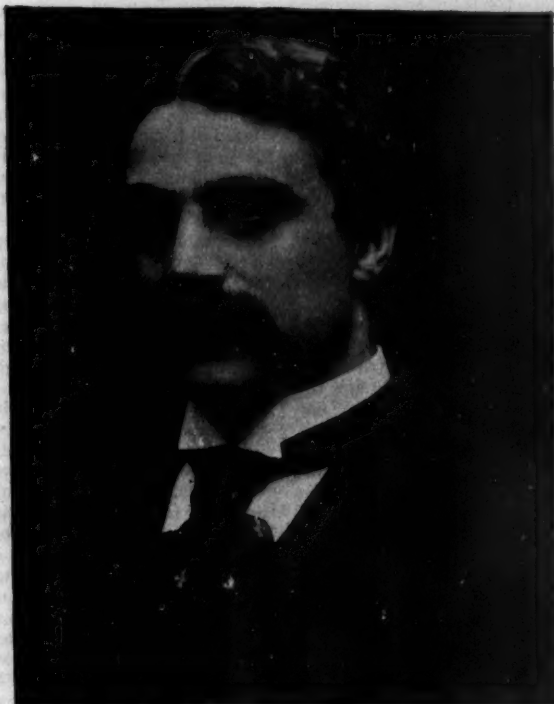
Mr. Bernheim was an active member of the Reform Club, and keenly interested in questions of national policy; but the more urgent questions of civic government engaged a larger share of his attention. To *The Century* for May last he contributed an Open Letter entitled "A Chapter of Municipal Folly"—the chapter which comprehends the squandering of New York's franchises in a way unheard of in well-governed cities. The information on which he based this telling arraignment of municipal mismanagement was acquired in the course

of several years' connection with political reform work. As a member of the City Reform Club which played a leading part in the formation of the present City Club, as a member of the Executive Committee of the People's Municipal League which attempted to overthrow Tammany in 1890, and of the Executive Committee of the Committee of Seventy by which Tammany was finally overthrown last fall, and as chairman of the press committee of the League and of the Seventy, Mr. Bernheim had become intimately acquainted with the iniquities of municipal government by irresponsible halls and "bosses." It surprised no one to find his name on the Committee of Five subsequently appointed by the Chamber of Commerce to aid Mayor Strong in cleansing the Augean stable of municipal misrule.

That he was a member of every Hebrew charitable society in New York—including the Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews, of which his father is the President—was a fact naturally to be assumed, and one that conflicted in no wise with his efforts on non-sectarian lines.

And his interest in the causes that won his support led him, as a rule, to become more than a mere unit in the organizations that had them in charge. He was the Secretary of the Tenement House Building Compa-

ny, the Treasurer of the University Settlement Society from the start and a most liberal supporter of its work; and a Trustee of the City Club, and of the Aguilar Free Library. His zealous temperament was well illustrated in the political campaign of 1894. A half-hour or more was spent at the headquarters of the Committee of Seventy every morning before he went to his office, where the absence of his partner made his own presence indispensable; another hour or two was devoted to committee work after office hours, and from dinner-time till midnight he was again to be found at headquarters. Nor was he slothful in business, but diligent and successful. The multifarious activities in which he engaged at last undermined a constitution naturally robust, and an attack of typhoid fever found him, in his thirtieth year, incapable of rallying from its effects. He died at Arverne, Long Island, on Wednesday, July 24, and was buried two days later from Temple Emanu-El, a host of mourners—Christian as well as Hebrew—following his remains to their resting-place in Cypress Hills Cemetery—the resting-place of a second Arnold Toynbee.



Yours very truly,  
A.C. Bernheim

To those who only knew him socially, it might have seemed that Mr. Bernheim's main object in life was to give pleasure to his friends; for no one entertained more freely and habitually than he. Membership in the Aldine, Grolier, Harmonie, Nineteenth Century and Vaudeville Clubs was valued chiefly as it widened his opportunities of amusing or edifying those whose happiness he had at heart. Many an older man regarded him with affectionate admiration; more than one of his own age saw in him the friend upon whose goodwill and kindly offices he could rely with absolute confidence; and it is safe to say that no son or brother ever lived whose devotion to his family was more spontaneous and complete than his.

He was a man of strong and generous impulses, openly and honorably ambitious, but above all solicitous for the welfare of those less fortunately situated than himself. "To us who knew him closely," concludes the resolution adopted by the Council of the University Settlement Society last week, "the charm of his presence and the enthusiasm of his high purpose will be enduring possessions." The thrice-familiar lines of Halleck on the death of Drake seemed singularly fresh and appropriate as repeated by the Rabbi over his flower-strewn grave—

"None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise."

### Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Mr. John Corbin's "*Elizabethan Hamlet*."—This elegantly printed book is an attempt to prove that the mad scenes in "Hamlet" had a comic aspect to the people of Shakespeare's time which is now ignored, and that the dramatist himself was partially responsible for this. The earlier anonymous play of "Hamlet" was a "crude tragedy of blood," in which the madness of the hero was comically treated; Shakespeare's contemporaries viewed insanity and other painful and repulsive things as "conventionally amusing"; and he himself did not wholly efface the traditional comic treatment of madness in the case of Hamlet. The first two propositions may be admitted; the third is by no means clear, notwithstanding the skill with which it is maintained.

Mr. Corbin says in his introduction that the purpose of his essay is "to study the play from the point of view of the gallants and 'prentices for whom Richard Burbage acted it—to revivify the Elizabethan Hamlet." But was their point of view Shakespeare's? I cannot think so.

The "Hystorie of Hamblet," the earliest known form of the story, is coarse and brutal, and the lost play was doubtless like it—"after the kind of Kyd's 'Spanish Tragedy,' or Shakespeare's 'Titus Andronicus,'" to quote Mr. Corbin. But Shakespeare ridicules and burlesques the "Spanish Tragedy" and the blood-and-thunder dramas of its class, and if he wrote "Titus Andronicus"—which I do not believe—it was in his salad days, when he was under the influence of that dramatic school. He had learned better before he wrote "Hamlet." As Mr. Corbin himself says, the allusions in Elizabethan literature to the lost play show that "the Ghost's demand for revenge impressed the public as blatant, and blatancy is very foreign to the moral dignity of Shakespeare's Ghost." But the elevation of the character of the Ghost is in keeping with the "moral dignity of the entire play." "The modern Hamlet is the real Hamlet," as Mr. Corbin says in his closing paragraph; not, as he thinks, because actors and critics have idealized and glorified the Prince that Shakespeare drew, but because they have enabled us to see him as his creator conceived him.

We are told that "Hamlet's cruelty to Ophelia is to be accounted for only by reference to that Elizabethan attitude toward suffering and insanity which we found in the lost play"; and again that "distinct traces remain of the comic treatment of suffering and insanity" elsewhere in the play; as in "the 'Punch and Judy show at Ophelia's grave,' as one critic calls the struggle between Hamlet and Laertes, or the pathetic scene when Ophelia, in her madness, sings amusingly coarse songs." It is difficult to be patient with a critic who finds anything comic in the scene at the grave, or to whom poor Ophelia's insane reminiscences of the old ballads her nurse had sung to her in her infancy are "amusing." Mr. Corbin does not dwell upon these as on the scene between Hamlet and Ophelia.

Referring to the attempts of Johnson, Steevens and others to explain Hamlet's behavior, he says that "any one of these interpretations, from Dr. Johnson down, would satisfy the most exacting; but the fact that almost every commentator and actor has a view

radically different from the views of all others is far from satisfying." If these interpretations taken singly are perfectly satisfactory, we might suppose that our critic would accept some one of them, in spite of the fact that other people prefer the others; but he rejects them all, choosing "rather to try to show that, owing to an inheritance of archaic comedy from the lost play, the facts of the scene, according to modern standards, admit of no reconciliation!"

I believe that there is a more satisfactory explanation of Hamlet's treatment of Ophelia than any of those mentioned by Mr. Corbin. Hamlet has decided that he must renounce Ophelia on account of the duty laid upon him by his father's ghost; and his behavior towards her is a cruelty that is meant to be kind. She believes him mad, and he acts the madman, overdoing it in the endeavor to show her how hopeless is her affection. If he loved her with more than the love of forty thousand brothers, as he declared later, the exaggeration in his abuse of her may have been partly due to the struggle against himself—the desperate repression of the love that would otherwise blaze out afresh. This theory is at least as plausible as Mr. Corbin's supposition that in this scene speeches from the old play were left "quite intact" and are "stubbornly inconsistent with the gentler traits of the Prince."

Mr. Corbin quotes Prof. Wendell, who sees in "Lear" the "conventionally comic element which the Elizabethan audience recognized in insanity," and who cites in support of that view the title-page of the early quarto, which emphasizes "the sudden and assumed humors of Tom of Bedlam" (Edgar) just as the titles of the quartos of "2 Henry IV." and "Henry V." emphasize Falstaff and "swaggering Pistol." But these title-pages are not Shakespeare's, but were written by piratical publishers to catch the popular fancy. That the common rabble of theatre-goers could laugh at what would make the judicious grieve we may readily admit, but that Shakespeare deliberately pandered to the low taste of the "groundlings" in the theatre is inconceivable. His talk with the players in this very drama—for it is Shakespeare himself discoursing upon his own art through the mouth of Hamlet—settles that question.

Mr. Corbin, like certain other critics, finds an inconsistency in Hamlet's referring, after the visit of the Ghost, to

"The undiscover'd country from whose bourne  
No traveller returns."

This has been foolishly defended by others on the ground that the Ghost came only from the intermediate state of purgatory; but the obvious meaning, as a schoolboy might see, is that no one comes back from the other world to *live* here, as he returns from a visit to a foreign land, and to tell us about that other country. It is an *undiscovered*, an unknown country to us. The Ghost is forbid to tell its secrets to ears of flesh and blood.

I had marked other passages for comment, but must refer to them another day, if at all. Meanwhile I may commend the book to students of Shakespeare as extremely ingenious, though not convincing. It contains an interesting array of facts, but the inferences from them seem to me unwarranted. (London: Elkin Mathews. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Three "*Temple*" Volumes.—The dainty "*Temple*" edition of Shakespeare goes steadily along, with no falling-off in critical or typographical excellence. The last volumes that have come out are the three parts of "Henry VI." These plays are of more interest to the scholar and critic than to the general reader. Mr. Gollancz's introduction to Part I. is a good statement of the perplexing questions concerning the authorship of the trilogy, but it throws no fresh light on the solution of the problem. There is no reason to expect that it will ever be solved to the satisfaction of the majority of scholars. (Macmillan & Co.)

### London Letter

THE QUARTERLY DINNER of the Omar Khayyám Club was held last Saturday under circumstances which rendered it not only without parallel in the history of the society, but also a source of many memories to all who had the good fortune to be present. It had been arranged that the occasion should serve for an outing, and a suggestion was made that, if Box Hill were chosen for the *rendezvous* it might be possible to induce George Meredith to join the Club at dinner. Mr. Meredith is rarely seen in London, and scarcely ever at a social function of a public character, but he very graciously accepted the Club's invitation; and thus it happened that on Saturday afternoon some twenty members and guests were assembled at Victoria Station with no common anticipations. Among those present were Edward Clodd, the President,



Clement Shorter, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Harry Cust and E. T. Cook, editors, respectively, of *The Pall Mall* and of *The Westminster Gazette*, H. W. Massingham, and Henry Norman of the *Daily Chronicle*. Edmund Gosse had brought as his guests Thomas Hardy and Sydney S. Pawling (Mr. Heinemann's partner), while Theodore Watts, George Gissing, Arthur Reed Ropes ("Adrian Ross"), Max Pemberton and William Sharp were among the familiar faces to be seen upon the platform. Mr. Barrie was to have been present, but telegraphed at the last moment. It is said that he was engaged in playing the "National Game" elsewhere.

Box Hill was reached shortly after five, and the Burford Bridge Hotel, where the meeting was to take place, proved to be within a few minutes' walk from the station. A more picturesque inn it were difficult to imagine. It lies under the hill, to the foot of which its pretty, old-fashioned garden climbs; and the densely wooded height behind recalled the Engadine to more than one Omarian recollection. So beautiful, indeed, was the outlook, that we were not surprised to be reminded that here Keats wrote a large portion of "Endymion." After a search for red and white roses, the obligatory badge of host and guest, the company sat down to dinner in a room overlooking the garden. It was at first hoped that Mr. Meredith would be present throughout the evening, but some of his friends, who called upon him during the afternoon, strongly advised his postponing his visit till later on, that his health might not suffer from the strain. Just as the coffee was served, he appeared at the door. To many this must have been their first view of the leading Englishman of letters, and very beautiful and dignified did he look. The whole company rose to its feet to greet him with the most hearty enthusiasm. Mr. Meredith seemed quite taken aback for the moment, and paused at the nearest table. "My dear friends, my dear, good friends," he said, half deprecatingly. Then the President extended to him "the hand of good-fellowship," as he put it, and Mr. Meredith rose to reply. He said that this was the first occasion upon which he had ever been on his legs after dinner to make a speech. He had never even thought to speak to-night, and, indeed, Mr. Clodd, in asking him to do so, was the most amiable of chairmen, but the most dastardly of deceivers. But because he had not spoken before, members need not fear, nor say, "Now this fellow is off, there will be no stopping him. He will be over-riding the hounds." "I have my hands on the fellow at this moment, I could turn and rend him; but I forbear. I thank you from my heart, every one of you." Mr. Meredith sat down to a chorus of applause; and upon its cessation, Edmund Gosse, according to the custom of the Club, recited the verses which he had written for the *menu*, as follows:—

"One cup in joy before the banquet ends,  
One thought for vanished, for transfigured friends,  
Stars on the living cope of heaven embossed,  
The heaven of Love that o'er us beams and bends!  
"Roses and bay for many a phantom head!  
Death is but what we make it—for the dead;  
Held hard in memory, those we loved and lost  
Shall live while blood is warm and wine is red."

Mr. L. F. Austin next proposed "The Health of the Guests," in a speech overflowing with wit and good humor. Indeed, during the whole evening the speaking was of singularly high calibre, everyone called upon being brief and merry. Thomas Hardy responded with a striking reminiscence. He said that all present must be thinking exclusively of Mr. Meredith that evening, and that his speech should therefore take the form of an anecdote. The first time that he ever met the distinguished author who was guest of the night, dated some twenty-six years back. It was in a dingy back-office at Messrs. Chapman & Hall's, whither he (Mr. Hardy) had dispatched an ill-favored manuscript. (Here Mr. Meredith interpolated, "promising.") The two had talked the story over, and so much had Mr. Hardy learnt that day from Mr. Meredith's encouragement and criticism, that the occasion had been largely instrumental in inducing him to persevere in literature. George Gissing, who followed, had a like recollection. He, too, had met Mr. Meredith in the same office, and found that, without note or reference, he knew the manuscript better than Mr. Gissing himself. This was praised, that condemned; and in that conversation he had learnt more than from any other source in the whole of his career. Mr. Cust of *The Pall Mall* continued the oratory in another excellent speech. He wound up with a telling allusion to a young poet, whose heroine (if he remembered rightly) boasted, after a lapse of virtue, that she was now

"Mother-in-law to the North Pole,  
And maiden-aunt to the Equator."

Mr. E. T. Cook of *The Westminster* also spoke briefly, and there was then a general stampede to the station, to catch a train already overdue. Passing carts were pressed into the service, and after four guests, including the last speaker, had run a deadly peril by trying to climb into the train from the wrong side, the larger portion of the party were safely started for Victoria. A good many, however, stayed on, and doubtless listened with plentiful profit to Mr. Meredith's sparkling talk for another hour or so. But the trains were ill-timed, and only those who lived in the neighborhood of the terminal could manage to wait longer. For all alike it was a night to be remembered.

Thomas Hardy is busily engaged upon the dramatization of "Tess." It seems that the task is giving him a deal of trouble, and that Mrs. Patrick Campbell is consulted at every turn in the action. The matter arouses a good deal of interest in literary circles, and there are many surmises as to the course the play is likely to follow. It is clear that, for stage-purposes, the development must be considerably rearranged, and one thing alone is certain. The big scene—presumably at the close of the third act—is to be Tess's confession. Mrs. Campbell, who can scarcely look the part in any case, is immensely interested in it, and is safe to play it with success. The production will certainly be the stage event of the autumn.

Miss Cory, the lady who adopts the unfortunate pseudonym of "Victoria Cross," will shortly put forth a story called "The Woman Who Didn't." It is not to be supposed that this tale is in any sense a pendant to Mr. Grant Allen's novel, with which it has absolutely no connection. The title, however, was felt to fit it so closely that both author and publisher decided to let it stand—a decision in which they have been supported by several notable critics, *not* of the younger generation, who have read the MS. with approbation. The story is said to be quite modest, reticent, and desirable.

LONDON, 19 July, 1895.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

### Boston Letter

DR. SAMUEL A. GREEN has made an interesting discovery regarding the authorship of a rare book, and has thereby added some poems to the work of the first native American poet. The book itself belongs in the famous library of the late John Carter Brown of Providence, now owned by his son, John Nicholas Brown, and it is thought that no other copy exists in this country or in England. On the title-page is the inscription, "New England's Tears for her present Miseries; or, a Late and True Relation of the Calamities of New England since April last past." According to the other lines upon this page, the book was "Written by an Inhabitant of Boston in New England to his Friend in London." It was printed in London in 1676. Quaint and interesting verses fill the pages, the subjects dealing chiefly with the burning and destruction by Indians of Marlbury, Rehoboth, Chelmsford, Sudbury and Providence; with the death of Antonionies, the grand Indian sachem, etc. It is thus the opening lines read:—

"What means this silence of *Harvardine* Quills  
Whilst *Marr* Triumphant thunders on our Hills?  
Have *Pagan* Priests their Eloquence confin'd  
To no man's use but the mysterious mind?  
Have PAWAWS charm'd that Art which was so rife  
To crouch to every DON that lost his life?  
But now whole Towns and Churches fire and die,  
Without the pity of an Elegy.  
Nay, rather should my Quills, were they all Swords,  
Wear to the Hills in some lamenting words:  
I dare not stifle them Poetry, but Truth,  
The dwindling products of my crazy youth;  
If these Essays shall rouse some quainter Pens  
'Twill to the Author make a rich amends."

An odd verse is that relating to the story of the fortification begun by women upon Boston Neck, in which occur the following lines:—

"A Grand attempt the *Amazonian* dames,  
Contrive, whereby to glorify their names,  
A Ruffe for *Bostons* Neck of mud and turfe,  
Reaching from side to side, from surfe to surfe.

These brave Essays drew forth men's nervous hands,  
More like to Daubers than to Martial Bands.  
These do the work and sturdy Bulwarks raise,  
But those who first began deserve the praise."

No indication of the authorship of the book is given in the printed catalogue or the Carter Brown library, but Dr. Green, by careful and scientific literary research, has made it clear to the Mass-

sachusetts Historical Society, before which he read an address upon the subject recently, that the work is from the pen of Benjamin Thompson, the earliest native American poet, of whom Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, in his "History of American Literature," has said:—"This poet's best vein is satiric, his favorite organ being the rhymed pentameter couplet, with a flow, a vigor and an edge obviously caught from the contemporaneous verse of John Dryden." Thompson, who was born in Braintree, 24 July 1642, and graduated from Harvard in 1662, devoted the greater part of his time to teaching school, although he practiced medicine, also. Dr. Green thinks that Cotton Mather was one of his pupils. According to the tombstone in Roxbury, he died 13 April 1714, while, according to the town records of Braintree, he "left behind him a weary world, eight children and twenty-eight grandchildren." After carefully examining "New England's Tears," Dr. Green decides that it is a first edition, under another name, of "New England's Crisis," which was printed in this country (soon after its appearance in London) either by John Foster of Boston, or Samuel Green of Cambridge. The title-page of the Brown library book mentions an elegy on the death of John Winthrop, and this is one of the evidences cited by the Librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society, since the same verse appeared in separate form as a broadside soon after the death of Gov. Winthrop, with the signature of "B. Thompson" as the writer. The heading of that broadside is an interesting illustration of the way titles ran in those days:—

A  
FUNERAL TRIBUTE

*To the Honourable Dust of the most Charitable Christian, Unbiased Politician,*

*And unimitable Pyrotechnist*

John Winthrop esq:

*A Member of the Royal Society, & Governour of Connecticut Colony in NEW ENGLAND.*

*who expired in his Countreys Service April. 6th. 1676.*

The first four lines of the elegy, and the last two, run as follows:—

"Another Black Parenthesis of woe  
The Printer wills that all the World should know  
Sage Winthrop prest with publick sorrow Dies  
As the Sum total of our Miseries:"

"His labours cease for ever, but the fruit  
He reaps at Fountain head without dispute."

But one copy of the American edition of this book exists, and that unfortunately lacks the title-page; it is owned by the Boston Athenæum. The Athenæum book, I may add, has recently been reprinted in a limited edition by the Club of Odd Volumes, under the editorship of James F. Hunnewell. As I have alluded to the peculiar style of titles which every antiquary knows existed in the earlier centuries, I will quote here two others, written upon manuscript elegies composed by Thompson and presented to the Historical Society by the late Robert C. Winthrop. One reads:—"A Neighbours Tears dropt on ye grave of an Amiable Virgin a pleasant plant cut downe in the blooming of her Spring Viz mrs Rebecca Sewal. Anno Ætatis 6. August ye 4th 1710." The other is entitled:—"A Clowde of Tears, sprinkled on the Dust of the Amiable Virgin mrs Rebecca Sewel who Suddenly died August. 3 1710. Ætatis suæ." The "Mrs." Sewall referred to was the daughter of Samuel Sewall, and granddaughter of the Chief Justice, and, though it was the custom in those days to address ladies of high position as Mistress or Mrs. whether they were married or not, yet this is probably the only instance in which a girl of six years was so styled.

The Boston Public Library has decided to establish three delivery stations in stores in central parts of the city, so that people can drop in there in the morning, order books, and receive them in the afternoon. The Trustees will pay the shopkeepers a certain amount, according to the number of books they have to handle. Apropos of the "lost Commandment" on the walls of the Library, I may say that the records show that out of every 21,655 books loaned only one is lost.—It is proposed to erect, by public subscription, a monument in honor of Dr. S. F. Smith, author of "America," and a call for \$100,000 is made for that purpose. Gov. Frederick T. Greenhalge is the President of the organization, and Mayor Curtis, Henry Cabot Lodge, Carroll D. Wright and other prominent people will act as Vice-Presidents. The scheme is being engineered by George D. Lothrop, Jr., of Roxbury, who will try to make it a national movement.—"The Colonial Cavalier" has proved so successful that Little, Brown & Co. intend to issue another edition this fall. A book that from the success of the Cavalier will attract equal attention, having been written by

the same author, Maud Wilder Goodwin, is now put before readers by the same firm. It is "The Head of a Hundred; Being an Account of Certain Passages in the Life of Humphrey Huntton, Esq., Sometime an Officer in the Colony of Virginia." The brightness with which the story is told, aside from the cleverness of its plot, is sure to make it a favorite.

BOSTON, 30 July 1895.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

## Chicago Letter

ALTHOUGH THE HEAD of the firm is still on the other side of the water, Stone & Kimball already promise for the fall a number of books which should have a distinct literary interest. Much the most important of them is "The Vailima Letters," the name of which alone has the charm of music in it. These letters, written by Stevenson to his well-loved friend Sidney Colvin in London, will show us Samoa and the life which so fascinated him there, as no one else has ever revealed it. It has been described often enough in volume upon volume of reminiscences, and in letters innumerable to the daily papers from curious tourists who generously gave an hour to Samoa; but not one of them has discovered to us the secret of its hold upon this poet, who knew the world and its ways, who loved life and its adventures in action and emotion. The temperament of the man makes his voluntary exile especially interesting, and this intimate record of it simply invaluable. His joy in the primitive life he found in Samoa is like the pleasure that we sophisticated moderns take in folk-lore, though there was, after all, much in his nature that was simple and elemental. He had some kinship with the wild woods, with the wind and the sun and the mountains. So we may look forward to the middle of October, when the "Vailima Letters" will be issued.

Among the other announcements are two volumes of poems, one by Eric Mackay, and the other by Frederick Tennyson, the brother of the Laureate. It was with his poems that Alfred Tennyson's earliest efforts were published, many years ago, in a single volume. And strangely enough, Frederick was then considered rather the more promising poet of the two. But there are many elements necessary to genius besides the mere talent. A volume of ghost-stories by Ralph Adamson Cram will soon be issued under the taking title of "Black Spirits and White;" and another book of short stories is "The Sister of a Saint," by Grace Ellery Channing. Still another is "The Sun-Eater," by Fiona Macleod, whose name is better known in England and Scotland than here. "Pharais," a longer romance by this writer, will be published at the same time. Stone & Kimball will also put their imprint upon some toy-books, a kind of literature that has become strangely popular of late—books about children to be appreciated mainly by adults. A "Story of Bluebeard," newly translated and illustrated by J. E. Southall, is one of these; and some of Walter Crane's charmingly decorated fairy-stories are included in the list.

Gilbert Parker's latest novel, "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," makes a very pretty book in its American dress. It is a strange tale of illusions, of ambition unsatisfied, and lofty but vague aspiration. The figure of Valmond has all the elements necessary for pure romance. The majesty of his person, his nobility, his courage, his large outlook upon life, his magnetism—all these help to make him a fascinating creation. But the most potent factor in this result is the mystery which clings to him even to the end, its secret never quite revealed to the man himself. Indeed, it would have been more artistic if Mr. Parker had not printed the neat explanatory letter at the end, if he had left us haunted by the possibility he suggests. The book is delightful, though, and in nothing more so than in the character of Pontiac and its inhabitants. In their freshness and variety they are all unknown to romance, and they live in the mind with a strange insistence for such shadowy figures. Many of the episodes approach dangerously near to the ridiculous, but it is only once or twice that they pass the fatal gateway. A few of the great Napoleon's weaknesses would have saved Valmond from even these missteps. But they are forgotten in the poetic quality which dignifies the entire book. In that lie its grace and its charm.

Prof. R. L. Garner has just started for Africa to continue his scientific investigation of the language of apes and other untutored beasts. He has succeeded in raising a fund of \$30,000, to enable him to pursue his discoveries in the manner best fitted to make them useful. His equipment will be more complete than ever before. Mr. Eugene Field says that "it is Mr. Garner's purpose to return to this country two years hence, and to give a series of exhibitions, which will illustrate in detail the life of the explorer in the wilds of the African coast. A unique feature will be a class



of monkeys, each of which will be capable of uttering from eight to twenty words."

In the same column of the *Record* from which I have quoted, the following whimsical paragraph is printed:—"Hereafter let no vain babblers presume to question the versatility of Hamlin Garland. That fiery untamed apostle of veritism is now penning a series of exciting Colorado letters from the cool and quiet porch of his Wisconsin farm-house." But Mr. Garland's imagination is not quite so vivid as this. He has left the quiet porch and the adventures of his latest heroine, and is really travelling through Colorado and New Mexico, and sending to the *Herald* descriptive, poetic letters which are not in the least journalistic. Mr. Garland is accompanied by Mr. H. A. MacNeil, the sculptor, and Mr. C. F. Browne, the painter, and they expect to investigate the ruins left by the cliff-dwellers. The expedition, however, will doubtless bear artistic rather than scientific fruit.

A new form of theft was recently discovered in the University of Chicago, which illustrates not only Western ingenuity in the invention of crime, but also desire for culture which will admit of no denial. It transpired that many students were stealing an education by attending courses of lectures which their tuition fees did not entitle them to hear. It was melancholy that such unusual ardor in the pursuit of learning should have been discouraged by the ruthless and unsympathetic authorities.

CHICAGO, 30 July 1895.

LUCY MONROE.

### The Lounger

A CURRENT PARAGRAPH reports Mrs. Thomas K. Beecher as having concluded a conversation on immortality, in which Mark Twain had "taken the agnostic side," by asking him whether he would confess his error, if he should meet her in Heaven a million years hence. Mark promised that he would, and sealed the promise by writing appropriate stanzas on three stones found on the banks of the Chemung River, the three stones being fragments of what once was a single rock. The "contract" is dated Elmira, N. Y., 2 July 1895; and here are the terms of it:—

"If you prove right and I prove wrong,  
A million years from now,  
In language plain and frank and strong,  
My error I'll avow  
(To your dear mocking face)."

"If I prove right, by God His grace,  
Full sorry I shall be,  
For in that solitude no trace  
There'll be of you and me,  
(Nor of our vanished race)."

"A million years, O patient stone!  
You've waited for this message.  
Deliver it a million years—  
Survivor pays expressage."

TO HAVE WRITTEN a good deal of fact or fiction about Africa does not, it seems, ensure unopposed entrance to Parliament. Mr. Stanley has succeeded in being returned, as a Conservative, but it was not his first attempt; and the chairman of a meeting in the interest of Mr. Haggard, who was a candidate for re-election last month, has been dragged from his seat and called all sorts of names by Lord Wodehouse, son and heir to the Earl of Kimberley. The offender has not only been fined, but may look to be pilloried in a novel. Mr. Haggard is a great hand at describing scenes of carnage.

MR. ABBEY HAS returned from abroad, and has much that is interesting and important to tell of his coming season of opera and drama. He has reengaged Mme. Nordica, and the Reszkes and Plançon, and we are to have "Tristan and Isolde" with Jean de Reszke and Mme. Nordica. The stories of Jean de Reszke's illness, Mr. Abbey says, have been exaggerated, and he assures us that the singer will be himself again long before the opera season begins. Herr Seidl has been engaged to lead the Wagner hosts, and Signor Beviniani to lead the hosts of Italy. Mme. Calvé is to return to us. Apropos, I see that Mme. Eames is not, for which I am truly sorry; but Calvé in "Carmen" will console us for many other losses. She is not going to confine her *répertoire* to "Carmen," but will appear in two or three other operas—two, at least, new to this country.

SIR HENRY IRVING will open an eight-weeks' engagement at Abbey's Theatre in October. His *répertoire* will include "King Arthur" and "The Story of Waterloo." I wonder if Sir Henry's

title will adorn his play-bills and posters. It would prove very attractive to the average American. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt will also be with us during the coming season, and will play "Izyl" and "Magda," among other rôles. It has been some time since we have had the pleasure of seeing Mme. Bernhardt in New York, but I knew that she was coming, because stories of her savage pets are being printed in the papers here. It is said that she has bought a famous wrestling lion for \$5,000. He will be worth that to her in advertising.

IN AN ARTICLE on Mme. Bernhardt, published in a recent number of *The Strand*, the writer says that when she plays "Phèdre" she cannot get through the evening without fainting at least once, sometimes oftener, and that he has seen her sit in her dressing-room an hour before she was due on the stage, "absorbed in the contemplation of the tragedy in which she was about to perform," while "the silent tears coursed down her cheeks." Mme. Pasta, when she played tragedy (or sang it, I should say), was not the victim of "curious introspection." She was much more practical. In "Norma," before she strangled her offspring, she stepped behind a "property" rock and fortified herself with beer: otherwise she could not have gone successfully through her part. But there were no interviewers in those days. Perhaps if Mme. Pasta had known that there was a "chiel amang ye takin' notes," she, too, would have sat for an hour in her dressing-room "absorbed in the contemplation of the tragedy she was about to perform," instead of steadying her nerves with beer.

GOUNOD'S MEMOIRS are begun in the *Revue de Paris*. M. Gounod, like many another famous man before him, gives his mother the credit of his success in life. She taught music and drawing, that the same accomplishments might be taught her two sons. Gounod writes as charmingly as he sang. He made no pretence of being a singer, but no one who ever heard him sing will forget the beauty of his songs. The same may be said of his literary style: it is perfectly simple, but it is the style of an artist.

A DESPATCH FROM PARIS tells us that Paul Verlaine has been elected to the French Society of Dramatic Authors, and adds that the members of the Society did not know who he was until they were told, and then they hesitated about admitting him. It is said that, thanks to George Moore in England and *The Critic* and Stone & Kimball in America, Verlaine is better known abroad than at home. Mr. Arthur Waugh, I believe, introduced Verlaine to the American public through the columns of this paper.

I HAVE BEEN brought up to believe that the English post-office system is simply perfection, and have been told by way of illustration that, if a letter were addressed to "John Smith, England," it would be sure to reach the person for whom it was intended, quite as soon as though properly addressed. I have just had an experience, however, which shows me that London post officials can be as stupid as our own are at times. I sent a letter to one of the editors of a leading morning daily, who is also one of the best-known editors in London, and addressed it to his home. After several weeks it came back to me, with "not found" and other discouraging legends stamped all over the envelope. To show him that my intentions had been good (the letter was in answer to some important inquiries from him), I enclosed the envelope when I wrote to him again. In his answer, which I have just received, he says:—"Your letter to me was not delivered because it was addressed to 72 — Road, instead of 27." As his name is in the directory, the London post-office people would have saved themselves some trouble and me a good deal of annoyance if they had consulted its pages.

IN A RECENT ARTICLE Mr. Edward W. Bok discusses the novel of the future—not its character, nor its purpose, but its length. He argues that the day of the long novel, the novel of 150,000 words, is past. Women, who are the greatest novel-readers, he says, prefer stories of 50,000 words in length, and he cites "Ships that Pass in the Night," Mr. Warner's "Golden House" and Mr. Davis's "Princess Aline," neither running over 50,000 words, as of the ideal length. He adds that "Trilby" is, of course, cited by men as representing a good length for a novel; Mr. du Maurier's book is about 45,000 words in length." As "Trilby" is nearer 145,000 words in length, this must be a slip of the pen.

KNOCKING HIS OWN argument on the head, Mr. Bok admits that the greatest successes of recent fiction have been long novels, Mrs. Humphry Ward's averaging 150,000 words each. "Ben Hur," "The Prince of India" and "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," are of about the same length, not to mention "The Heavenly Twins," which is 200,000 words, if it is not longer. I quite agree with Mr. Bok that the magazine editors shrink from publishing serials of more than 80,000 or 90,000 words, and yet the editor of *Harper's* has not hesitated to accept Mr. du Maurier's new novel, which is said to be longer than "Tribby"—probably 200,000 words; and the editor of *The Century* is said to have accepted a serial by Mrs. Humphry Ward, which will be as long as her longest book, 150,000 words. The situation in a nutshell is this:—People read what they like, be it a novel of 45,000 or of 145,000 words. It is the degree of interest, not the number of words, that makes them read a book. I must say, however, that it takes a very big name to pull a serial successfully through twelve numbers of a magazine. Novelettes would be the editor's choice in the matter of length, but editors cannot always have their way, notwithstanding the general impression that they do. They are the slaves of their readers, and if the readers prefer the long story with the famous name, rather than the short story by the less famous author, there is nothing for the editor to do but to give it to them, if he can afford to. Famous authors come high. In that matter they have left the prima-donna away behind.

*The Bookman* good-naturedly takes *The Critic* to task for speaking of Mrs. Graham's "Tales from the Foothills," instead of "Stories of the Foothills." It was a mistake, there is no denying that. *The Bookman* has a worse one, however, in the same number. In speaking of Eric Mackay's "Love Letters of a Violinist," it says:—"Mr. Mackay, it will be remembered, is the son of Marie Corelli." It is rather hard on the author of "Barabas" to have a man, who, if not older than herself, is very nearly as old, called her son. Eric Mackay is the brother of Miss Marie Corelli.

### The Infinitive Again

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

We of an older literary generation were brought up with the cast-iron rule, "Never split the infinitive." We discovered that we might recklessly split the future, "shall fully prove," or the potential "can fully prove," but the infinitive, by some mysterious edict, was hedged about, and we might never dare "to fully prove" anything; we could only aspire "fully to prove" it, or "to prove it fully." Neither of which was exactly what we wished to do. We have walked, however, circumspectly according to rule; and at last our ear has become so dull to sense and euphony that we can tranquilly voice ourselves in G. E. W., Jr. (*The Critic*, July 20), in a protest against the disintegration of the infinitive.

But yielding all the respect due to good usage and conservatism, may we not yet put in a plea for the writers who feel that language was made for man, and not man for the language? May not the fact that Mr. Zangwill's critic puts an adverb into his infinitive have both a cause and effect relation to the fact that he has "one of the smoothest pens that have run on your pages for many a day"? When we find a man using words with precision and delicacy, may we not allow him the benefit of the doubt that it is not carelessness, but a keen appreciation of values, that makes him press apart the unwieldy forms of language and insert his adverbs where sense and emphasis require?

SOUTHFIELD, MASS.

J. B. P.

### Thackerayana

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I have recently seen somewhere a suggestion that J. P. Kennedy wrote the fourth chapter of volume two of "The Virginians," referring to such an assertion by a writer in the *Magazine of American History*. That writer says:—"All people of intelligence are aware \* \* \* that while in Paris on one occasion, his friend William M. Thackeray, becoming weary of his work on 'The Virginians,' asked Kennedy to write a chapter for him, which he agreed to do if he could catch 'the run of the story.' Kennedy actually produced the fourth chapter of the second volume of 'The Virginians,' which accounts for the accuracy of the descriptions of the local scenery about Cumberland, with which he was familiar and which Thackeray had never seen." If Thackeray did not write this chapter, it is a remarkably good imitation of his style, even to his frequent use of "says" for "said." At

first I thought I had discovered two indications that Thackeray did not write it. One is the use of "fall" for "autumn," which is not very common among modern English writers, I believe. The other is the phrase, "whether white-skin or red-skin is most savage." But in "Esmond" we find "the best of the two." Even Hawthorne is guilty of "whether this giddy child or my sage self have most pleasure," etc. It seems to me that Kennedy probably furnished Thackeray with the materials for the description of the scenery, but that Thackeray wrote the chapter.

A friend once challenged me to find a single instance of "a solecism or inelegance or of bad grammar" in "Esmond." I had no difficulty in discovering many. To say nothing of "directly" in the sense of "as soon as," and the uniform use of "different to" (would any Englishman say, "I differ to the learned gentleman"?), the following are noticeable:—"Harry both spent, gave and lent his money"; "can look back upon his course of past life"; "the reason why \* \* \* was because," etc.; "he hoped that as Don Scipio had formerly served with the Austrians against the French, 'twas to be hoped," etc.; "taking but a couple of hours' rest only," etc. Few, if any, of these can be defended, as the phrase "was shook" may be, on the ground that Thackeray was imitating the style of the time of Queen Anne.

BUFFALO, 20 July, 1895.

IRVING BROWNE.

I've just seen *The Critic* of June 15, with Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Thackerayana." The "Abbaye de Penmarch" is well known to Thackeray collectors; there is even an American translation of it in DeWitt's series. (The DeWitt Publishing House is now R. H. Russell & Son.) But the play was written by a cousin of the real Thackeray. What all lovers of Thackeray would like now, is a collection of his letters (of which dozens are in print, scattered here and there). It would make a most interesting companion to the Brookfield letters.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

BRÜNIG, SWITZERLAND, 3 July 1895.

### The Fine Arts

#### "Art in Theory"

By G. L. Raymond. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE READER who is pressed for time, and who takes up this book, will do well to turn at once to the appendix. There is little that is both new and profitable in current discussion of the subject but what has been brought into it out of modern psychology. In his appendix, Prof. Raymond analyzes a psychological theory of the nature of beauty put forward by Prof. Baldwin, accepts it as according, in general, with his own, and proposes some modifications, which, the reader will probably agree, are improvements. But in the body of his book, the author goes through all the arts, classifying and sifting them; criticises many obsolete doctrines, and takes his reader a fatiguing journey along bypaths that are barren of interest. Thus, his aim in several chapters is merely to show that the adjective "representative" will apply to all of the fine arts, because they represent nature in forms that are more or less abstract, and ideas and sentiments in forms that are more or less imitative. He has considerable difficulty in including music and architecture in this scheme, the imitative element in these arts being really inconsiderable, and he rejects purely geometrical decoration; but when, by arguments that will not all bear scrutiny, he satisfies himself that his choice of an epithet is a good one, he finds it necessary to add to it, because there are representative arts that are not "fine." He thus comes to the conception of the fine arts with which he might just as well have started—*vis.*, that they are those that deal with beauty. The whole argument turns on his notion of beauty, and this, as we have said, is more clearly presented in the appendix than in the text. We will venture to give it a still briefer expression, and to say that to him beauty appears as a complex harmony of effects, which may be started either from within or from without, but which must include something of both the actual and the ideal. To us it seems enough, if only the harmony suggests a universal one. His definition of harmony, on the other hand, will seem to most readers defective. He makes it result almost entirely from "putting like with like," which would create monotony. The principle of contrast is just as important, and, though it is, of course, involved in many of the Professor's statements, he nowhere gives it adequate recognition.

PAUL WAYLAND BARTLETT, the sculptor, and Julius L. Stewart, the artist of Boston, have been created Chevaliers of the Legion of Honor.



### "Figaro-Salon"

THE completion of this excellent publication for 1895 puts within the reach of lovers of art an excellent critical account of the two salons of the year, from the pen of M. Charles Yriarte, with many large reproductions of the principal paintings and sculptures. The work has been issued in six parts, each having as frontispiece an engraving in colors printed by the Boussood-Valadon process. Among these we would signalize as particularly effective the reproduction of Jules Breton's "Dernières Glanes," a group of his favorite Breton peasants in a broad, flat landscape lighted by the last rays of the setting sun. The revival of the Napoleonic cult is probably the reason for the reproduction in colors of M. Orange's "Bonaparte en Égypte," looking at a newly exhumed mummy of a Pharaoh, and M. Georges Cain's "Bulletin de Victoire de l'Armée d'Italie (1797)." The prettiest, and the most satisfactory as a color-print, is that of M. Aublet's "Roses Thé," a young girl in blue inhaling the perfume of a spray of tea-roses. Of the engravings in black and white, that of M. Besnard's "Marché aux Chevaux (Environs d'Alger)" gives some idea of the painter's fascinating play of light and shade, his clever handling and his knowledge of horse anatomy. Mr. Dannat's equally clever "Sol y Sombra," a group of Spanish damsels with their duenna, does not do so well in reproduction. There is no hint of the glowing light and color of the original. M. Clairin's "Les Ouled Maïel se Rendant au Bain," Arab ladies muffled in white draperies, is adequately reproduced. Among the American painters illustrated are, besides Dannat, Ridgway Knight, Lynch and Bridgman. (Boussood, Valadon & Co.)

### Art Notes

"THE ELEMENTARY HISTORY OF ART," by Mrs. Arthur Bell (N. d'Anvers), which has now reached a fourth edition, and has been revised and brought up to date, is a useful compendium of information, covering the progress of architecture, sculpture and painting in all countries from the earliest dates. No new views are put forward, and we have not discovered any serious mistakes. The only point to be specially noticed is the comparatively large amount of space given to the Dutch and English schools. Some mention is made of the leading American painters. The illustrations are mostly copies of old woodcuts, but include a few half-tone reproductions from photographs and several from etchings, steel-engravings and pen-and-ink drawings. There is a biographical index of painters, and another of sculptors and architects. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"Childhood in Art," by Estelle M. Hurl, has good "process" engravings from drawings and paintings, mostly by celebrated artists. Reynolds is represented by his "Strawberry Girl" and "Penelope Boothby"; Velasquez by his portrait of the Infanta Marguerite; Van Dyck by his drawing of James, Duke of York, as a baby, and his group of the Princess Mary and the Prince of Orange; Greuze by his "Broken Pitcher"; Murillo by his "Beggar-Boys" with grapes and melon. Raphael, Titian, Bellini and Vivarini are also among the number. The letter-press is largely anecdotal, and is based on the usual English authorities. (Joseph Knight Co.)

The subject of the July *Portfolio* monograph, "the Isle of Wight," is seasonable and interesting. Mr. C. J. Cornish writes of the tight little island, its topography, history, sufferings at the hands of the French and other invaders, its ancient privileges and immunities. The illustrations include four full-page plates of island scenery, and many half-tone engravings in the text, illustrating historic spots like Carisbrook Castle, natural curiosities like "the Needles," and artificial ones like the carved tombstones and dial at Godshill. The frontispiece is an etching of "Freshwater Gate," by John Fullwood.

### Educational Notes

HENRY HOLT & Co. announce, in their English Readings for Students, "Specimens of Narration," edited by W. T. Brewster of Columbia. The volume will be in four parts, one of them entirely devoted to Robert Louis Stevenson.

James Constantine Pilling, the well-known ethnologist of the Geological Survey, died in Olney, Md., on July 26. He began his scientific career in 1875, while surveying the Rocky Mountains with Major J. W. Powell. He catalogued and indexed the literature relating to the languages of nearly all the Indians of North America, his last work being a bibliography of the ancient Mexican language, soon to be published.

Mr. Henry W. Hardon, of the firm of Evarts, Choate & Beaman, has been appointed to the Professorship of Law at Cornell University. He is a graduate of Harvard (A.B., 1882, LL.D., 1885), and studied for some time in Europe. Prof. Hardon will enter upon his new duties with Judge Finch of the Court of Appeals, who will join the Cornell Law School in the fall.

Ginn & Co. will publish a school "History of Our Country," by three Southern educators, Superintendents O. H. Cooper and L. Lemmon and Prof. H. F. Estill.

The Annual Entrance Examinations of the National Conservatory of Music of America will be held on Sept. 3-6, and on Nov. 1. The fourth annual *concours* for prizes for the best symphony, overture and violin concerto by American composers will close on Dec. 15. The number of applicants promises to be very large.

Dr. Francis Walker, son of Francis A. Walker, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has accepted a call to the Department of Political and Social Science in Colorado College.

The twenty-fifth Annual Summer Number of *The School Journal* contains "symposiums" on a "Course of Study and Correlation in Elementary Education," and on the "National Educational Association." The rest of the contents includes an article on "A School Museum as an Educational Laboratory," and a list of the pedagogical books of the year.

Prof. W. H. Johnson writes to us from Denison University, Granville, O.:—"The words quoted by your Boston correspondent from President Eliot's speech, 'We seek to train here men for a successful personal career made subservient to the public good,' would doubtless make a very fair motto, but a great deal more of noble purport was put into a few words by Harvard's most gifted son at her two hundred and fiftieth anniversary:—'Let it be our hope to make a gentleman of every youth who is put under our charge; not a conventional gentleman, but a man of culture, a man of intellectual resource, a man of public spirit, a man of refinement, with that good taste which is the conscience of the mind and that conscience which is the good taste of the soul.' A successful personal career made subservient to the public good may have widely different meanings, according as our ideals of 'success' and 'public good' are exalted or debased, but the standard held up by Lowell will do to follow always and everywhere."

### Notes

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS announce for early publication "The Buddha and his Religion," by T. Barthélémy Saint-Hilaire, translated by Laura Ensor.

The fable as a form of literary art possessed a great attraction for Robert Louis Stevenson, and he was accustomed also to try his hand occasionally on the composition of fables in the conventional brief and concentrated form. "By the winter of 1887-8," says *The Athenæum*, "he had enough of these by him, together with a few others running to greater length and conceived in a more mystic vein, to form a book, and such a book he promised to Messrs. Longman on the occasion of a visit paid him in New York by the editor of *Longman's Magazine* in the spring of 1888. During his residence in Samoa, although he composed one or two fables, he seems to have given little thought to the proposed volume. It has been handed by the author's representatives to Messrs. Longman for publication in their magazine, and the first instalment, containing twenty fables, will appear in the August number, the second in the issue for September."

J. B. Lippincott Co. will publish Julien Gordon's new book, "A Wedding, and Other Stories."

The Lenox Library was closed on July 27 for its annual cleaning, to last for three weeks; the Astor will close on Aug. 19 and reopen Sept. 16. With a view to the prospective consolidation of the libraries, no extensive alterations or repairs will be made. The Trustees of the New York Public Library will meet on Oct. 21 for the completion of the consolidation.

The English Society of Authors has commissioned Mr. Hall Caine to visit Ottawa, while in America, and negotiate the settlement of the copyright controversy with Canada. Mr. Caine will ascertain whether he can have the support of the British Colonial Office before accepting the commission. The question in its present form involves the whole principle of the authors' ownership in their literary property. The Canadian Parliament, in the interest of the printers, has passed an act compelling authors to apply for a copyright at Ottawa on the same conditions as in the

United States, with the exception that instead of simultaneous publications, a margin of thirty days is allowed. If the copyright is not applied for, Canadian printers may be licensed by Parliament to print the work, with the understanding that ten per cent. shall be paid to the author. The practical result would probably be that cheap editions would be printed in Canada and sent over the United States border. The Canadian Act has not been sanctioned by the British Government.

—The Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, an older brother of Henry Ward Beecher, died in Brooklyn on July 28. He was born in Easthampton, L. I., 27 August, 1803. He was the author of "The Conflict of the Ages; or, The Individual and Organic Harmony of God and Man"; and a "History of Opinions on the Scriptural Doctrine of Retribution."

—Lieut.-Col. Alexander Ewing, the husband of Juliana Horatia Ewing, died recently in England. He was a paymaster in the British Army, and translated Jean Paul Richter's "Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces" into English.

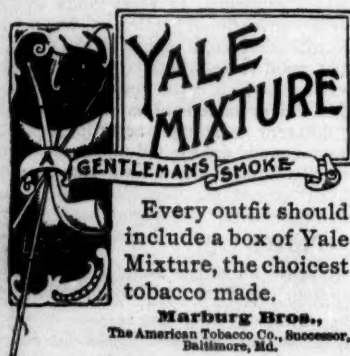
—By the will of the late Thomas O. P. Burnham, the well-known second-hand bookseller of Boston, the Massachusetts General Hospital, as residuary legatee, receives \$230,000; the town of Essex, the testator's native place, \$40,000; the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, \$20,000; Tufts College and the Home for Aged Men in Boston, \$10,000 each; nine local charities, \$5,000 each, and four others, \$2,000 each. The entire estate amounted to \$602,000.

—Miss Wilkins's prize detective story, "The Long Arm," will make its appearance in August in *Chapman's Magazine*, the new unillustrated monthly edited by Mr. Oswald Crawford and devoted exclusively to fiction.

—A tablet in memory of Oliver Holden, the composer of the famous hymn, "Coronation," will be erected in the Unitarian Church of his birthplace, Shirley, Mass. It will bear his name, the date of his birth (18 Sept., 1765), and a quotation from the hymn. Holden was a Baptist. His last surviving descendant, a granddaughter, has placed a tablet over his grave in Charlestown, where he died in 1844.

## Publications Received

- |  |                                      |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| Black, J. S. The Christian Consciousness. \$1.25.  | Lee & Shepard.                       |
| Bloomfield, Walter. Holdenhurst Hall. Illust.  | Robert Bonner's Sons.                |
| Cobleigh, Tom. Gentleman Upcott's Daughter. 25c.   | Cassell Pub. Co.                     |
| Colter, Hattie E. The Master of Deepplawn. \$1.25.   | Amer. Baptist Pub. Co.               |
| Crackanthorpe, Hubert. Sentimental Studies. \$1.   | G. F. Putnam's Sons.                 |
| Dean, Mrs. Andrew. A Splendid Cousin. 25c.   | Cassell Pub. Co.                     |
| Dixon, Ella H. The Story of a Modern Woman. 50c.   | Cassell Pub. Co.                     |
| Forryth, Jean. The Making of Mary. 50c.  | Cassell Pub. Co.                     |
| Giles, P. A. Short Manual of Comparative Philology. \$3.   | Macmillan & Co.                      |
| Green, Mason A. Are we Losing the West? Boston: Charles E. Brown & Co.                             | G. W. Dillingham.                    |
| Holmes, Mary J. Doctor Hathorn's Daughters.  | G. W. Dillingham.                    |
| Howell, Charles. Civilized Money. 25c.   | Grand Rapids, Mich.: Cash Pub. Co.   |
| Hunter, Moses Hoge. The Death of Moses. 25c.   | Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.              |
| Hull-House Maps and Papers.  | G. F. Putnam's Sons.                 |
| In Camphor. Illust. \$1.25.  | Detroit: Excelsior Pub. Co.          |
| Lawson, Minnie. Money to Loan. 25c.  | Cassell Pub. Co.                     |
| Marryat, Florence. At Heart a Rake. \$1.   |                                      |
| Parmelee, Mary. The Evolution of an Empire. 75c.   | New York: William Beverley Harrison. |
| Shakespeare's King Henry VIII. 40c.  | Macmillan & Co.                      |
| Stevens's Facsimiles of Manuscripts in European Archives Relating to America. 1773-83. Vol. xxiii. | London: B. F. Stevens.               |
| Swain, Rachel. Swain Cookery.  | Fowler & Wells Co.                   |
| Thoburn, J. M. The Christless Nations. \$1.  | Hunt & Eaton.                        |
| Watts, Henry E. Life and Works of Miguel de Cervantes. \$2.50.                                     | Macmillan & Co.                      |
| Westfall, William. Sons of Belial. \$1.  | Cassell Pub. Co.                     |
| White, Caroline Earle. A Holiday in Spain and Norway.  | J. B. Lippincott Co.                 |
| Winter, Noel. Pan-Gnosticism.  | Transatlantic Pub. Co.               |



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